Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &C.

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Maine Farmer.

EZEKIEL HOLMES, S. L. BOARDMAN, } Editors.

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

Feeding, and the Winter Care of Stock.

There is no question of greater importance to the farmer than that of feeding. In order to understand it thoroughly, he should make himself familiar with the whole theory of animal economy, and be able to turn the raw material of his farm to the most profitable account. There are, however, many points in this question which are not yet so fully understood as they will be, after repeated experiments shall have demonstrated their truthfulness and accuracy. One of these refers to the policy of selling hay and grain, and purchasing fertilizers, or consuming them upon the farm and selling beef and pork. Every article of produce has its market value, and of course the value of the article as food for stock depends upon this. If hay or grain brings a certain amount per ton or bushel, the question for the farmer to decide is, "will it be better for me to sell my produce, or turn it into pork and beef?" Hence the comparative value of vegetable products as fat and flesh forming qualities, and the question of maintaining stock at the least expense and greatest profit, become important matters.—What knowledge we have on these points has been obtained from English authorities, as but few experiments have been tried in our own country. Whoever will institute and carry out with accuracy a series of experiments that will demonstrate beyond a doubt these disputed points, should receive the highest merit of praise from all farmers.

The nutritive value of food is estimated by the quantity of nitrogen which it contains. This is determined by analysis, which is mainly reliable; also by careful experiments made by weighing both the food given and the animal itself, which is the most practical, and therefore useful way of determining the nutritive qualities of food, even if it does not in all cases accord with the results which analysis presents. Boussingault was the first to make a table of the different values of various kinds of food as determined by chemical analysis, comparing them with the results of continued and careful experiments. It was not surprising that there should be considerable discrepency between the one and the other, between theory and practice; but the trials were so far satisfactory, as to make it appear as a rule subject to but few variations, that the amount of nitrogen contained in a substance, is to be taken as evidence of its value.

In the winter feeding and care of farm stock, it is the usual practice to feed the young cattle upon rough, coarse fodder, and let them "shift for themselves" in open sheds. This plan appears to us to be alike cruel and inconsistent. Farmers pursue this course under the assumption that it gives them hardy constitutions and learns them to "look out for themselves." Our view of the matter is, that young animals, growing fast as they are, should be perfecting and developing their muscles, increasing in size, and their bones should be growing and consolidating. That this cannot go on under such treatment as young stock very commonly receives, is evident. They need ample supply of nutritious and strengthening food, that which contains a large proportion of nitrogen, in order to supply the daily waste of the body, and the constant increase in the bulk of the animal. In a full grown animal, the muscles and bones are perfected, and it simply needs such food as goes to keep up the daily waste of the body. The amount for this purpose depends upon the state of the atmosphere, and upon the rest or exertion of the animal. In fattening animals, the objects of feeding of course become changed, and those substances containing a large amount of phosphate, saline substances, starch, oily matter, &c., should be given. Indian meal, oil cake, linseed jelly, &c., are among the most valuable feeding substances for this purpose.

It is somewhat amusing, to say the least, to read in the agricultural press, the widely different opinions of practical farmers and scientific men, in regard to the openness or tightness of barns. Some strenuously affirm that tight barns are unhealthy for stock, and that the cattle disease is one of the results thereof. But while we deem it necessary to have proper ventilation, especially where a number of animals are in the same stable, we may safely say that it is seldom one sees, in this State, a barn too warm for cattle, through our winters. Proper warmth and shelter is indispensable for the health and comfort of all farm stock. If suitably protected from the weather they require less food and are uniformly in better health. The philosophy of this is well understood by all farmers. A supply of good water, an occasional quantity of roots, and regularity in feeding are also important matters in the care of farm stock in winter.

Canadian Stock Sale.

We learn from the *Canadian Agriculturist* that an important sale of stock recently took place on the farm of Hon. F. W. Stone of Guelph, C. W., formerly President of the Agricultural Association of Upper Canada. The attendance was not large, although we notice the names of some American breeders who were present. Mr. Stone's excellent stock of cattle was first offered, but on account of the low prices bid, a portion only was disposed of. Ten animals were sold at prices varying from $80 to 205. Of the sheep sold, the highest price obtained for a single buck, was $45, paid by a gentleman from Connecticut.

☞ We miss the name of our old friend William Buckminster, from the Massachusetts *Ploughman*, where it has appeared each week for a period of twenty-one years, and at the head of columns always filled with practical and useful agricultural and miscellaneous reading. Past his "three score and ten," the advancing infirmities of life warn him to retire from active duties. Faithfully and honestly has he labored in the cause of agricultural and social improvement, and the success which he has won is proof that his labors have been well spent.—While we are loth to part with his genial companionship, we extend the "right hand of fellowship" to his successor, H. W. Greene, Esq., and wish him all that encouragement which has heretofore been extended to our able contemporary. May its shadow never be less.

Agricultural Literature.

We are indebted to L. H. Tucker, Esq., of the *Country Gentleman*, for copies of the Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society for 1861—the last volume issued. It forms a work of 872 pages, and besides containing in the doings of County Societies and in the condensed correspondence of the Society, a large store of practical information and useful facts, comprises also many papers of great interest to every intelligent agriculturist. Among these are an interesting essay on "Dairy Farming," by X. A. Willard, occupying about fifty pages. It is fully illustrated, and contains an account of the important improvements made in this branch of husbandry within the past few years. Following this is a "Survey of the County of Steuben," by G. Dennison, Esq., which is a most valuable paper, and forms one of the most interesting portions of the volume. The plan adopted by this Society of publishing separate surveys of counties, is an admirable one, and this makes the sixth, we believe, which has been issued. The plan is to be followed up until all the counties are thus reported upon. L. H. Tucker contributes two practical and useful essays on agricultural topics, which have been published separately and previously noticed by us. An essay on "Fine Wool Sheep Husbandry," by Hon. Henry S. Randall, occupies 122 pages. It is the best treatise on this subject ever published in this country. We shall present some extracts from it hereafter.

Dr. Asa Fitch's Seventh report on the "Noxious and other Insects of the State of New York," is devoted to those insects infesting grain crops, not treated of in his previous reports and gives histories of the Hessian Fly, Joint Worm Fly, Barley Fly, &c. There are also in the volume several short essays, addresses, &c., which will well pay for the time spent in reading. In addition, the Agricultural Statistics of the State as furnished by the census of 1860, are given in a convenient and very useful form. Altogether it is one of the most valuable contributions to our agricultural literature the year has produced, and fully maintains the high reputation which the publications of this Society have attained. No works in our library are oftener referred to, or consulted with greater satisfaction.

A Chapter of Hints.

Corn Stalks as Manure. Are corn stalks worth as much for manure as they are for fodder? A young farmer recently related to us that one year his corn was killed by the frost, and so badly damaged that the fodder was not worth harvesting. The corn was gathered in the field and the stalks were left upon the ground all winter, and in the spring plowed under. The field was sown to wheat and seeded down with clover and timothy. So marked and lasting was the effect of the stalks as manure that a strip through the field where four rows of the corn had been cut and hauled off, was observed for years; the grain and grass there being small, and on the other portions very heavy. Clover lodged on each side of this strip, while on the central portion it was not one-fourth as heavy.

To Keep Potatoes from Rotting. A writer in the *Scientific American* gives the following remedy for the prevention of rot in potatoes. He has tried it for several years with perfect success:

"Dust over the floor of the bin with lime and put in about six or seven inches deep of potatoes, and then dust with lime as before. Put in six or seven inches of potatoes and lime again; repeating the operation till all are stored away. One bushel of lime will do for forty bushels of potatoes, though more will not hurt them—the lime rather improving the flavor than otherwise."

Gather the Leaves. Spend a day or two now in gathering leaves. They are a good article for the compost heap, and nothing can exceed them as bedding for stock and an absorbent of urine. Something is also constantly wanted in winter as a nest for pigs, and if leaves are stored away for this purpose, they will take the place of material often used as bedding but which can be used as fodder, if leaves are obtained for this purpose.

Climbing Plants. The Clematis is a beautiful climbing plant, and succeeds well when transplanted. It forms a pretty plant for arbors, trellises, &c., and a friend of exquisite taste and poetical fancy suggests its mixture with the woodbine for the purpose. The contrast is striking and beautiful. It can be transplanted now.

Wire for Garden Purposes. The *Agriculturist* says, "lead is much used in England for tying up fruit trees and vines to stakes and trellises, also for attaching labels to stakes. It is soft, flexible, durable, and less hurtful to plants than copper wire. It is made of lead and an alloy mixed with it. For the coarser uses of gardening, especially where much strength is required, this is undoubtedly a good thing. Yet for common, every day work, such as tying plants to stakes, etc., we much prefer the old bass matting. This is cheaper, more easily handled, and sufficiently durable."

New Fruits. The *Country Gentleman* has some very sensible remarks upon the practice which many Horticultural Societies are addicted to, of awarding premiums to new sorts of apples, grapes, plums, &c., without a fair trial of the desirable qualities of the tree and fruit. As a general rule no premium should be awarded to a fruit unless it has been grown and the qualities of the tree as a hardy and prolific bearer, determined by several years cultivation.

Grub in the Head of Sheep. Dr. Dadd says the only way to prevent grub in the head of sheep is to put plenty of wholesome "grub" into the stomach of the animal. Sheep properly attended to, well fed and housed are never troubled with this parasite.

A Worthy Promotion.

It will be gratifying to every friend of Agricultural improvement throughout our country to know that the Chief-clerkship in the Department of Agriculture is now filled by James S. Grinnell, Esq., of Greenfield, Mass. Mr. Grinnell has for years been known as a thorough and practical farmer, a successful breeder of improved stock, and a writer of ability for the agricultural press. It gives us pleasure to endorse the following from the *Ploughman*:

"We feel warranted in saying that in point of intelligence, and untiring industry in its application, as well as in a real interest in the advancement of practical agriculture, Mr. Grinnell is a fair representative of the front rank of New England farmers; and that it is fortunate for all concerned that the sphere of his influence and usefulness has been so much enlarged."

Michigan State Agricultural College.

The Annual Catalogue of the Officers and Students of this Institution for the year 1862—a pamphlet of 32 pages—has been received at this office. The whole number of students for the year has been sixty-nine, a number quite large considering the unfavorable state of the times.—The course of study comprises four years, and includes the higher English branches, Geology, Chemistry, Surveying, Botany, Astronomy, Entomology, Political Economy, Animal Physiology, Veterinary Medicine, &c. The objects of the College, as stated in their Circular are: "1. To impart a knowledge of science and its applications to agriculture; 2. To impart a knowledge of agriculture as an art; 3. To prosecute experiments in order to promote the science of agriculture, and improve upon the methods employed; 4. To afford the means of general education to the farming class." The Institution has a farm of 676 acres attached, with a Laboratory, Philosophical Apparatus, Museum, Herbarium, Library, &c.—Degrees of Master of Science and Bachelor of Science are conferred upon the graduates. The expenses are moderate, a part of which can be adjusted by work upon the farm. The College also has a competent and able Faculty of Instruction. For Catalogues address Prof. L. R. Fisk, President of the College, Lansing, Mich.

Note from Mr. Proctor.

Our venerable friend Hon. J. W. Proctor of South Danvers, who has been one of the most earnest advocates of agricultural improvements in Massachusetts, thus writes concerning our recent notice of the survey of Essex county:

"I am pleased to see your instructions as to our own county of Essex, and am happy to endorse whatever has been said by my friend Mr. Choate. I know him to be an observing and reliable man. It is certainly true that our largest crops of grass, and vegetables of all kinds, are raised on farms bordering upon the shore of the sea. Whether this be from the exhalations of the sea itself, or from the application of materials for manure collected on its shores, I will not say. I had supposed the latter. A long experience in the county has fully impressed me with the fact. Time was when I could *see* and *read* for myself. Now I am glad to find others doing what I omitted when I was able."

Disease in Pigs.

Messrs. Editors:—I lost a pig this fall, and as I thought that you might know of a remedy or a preventive in such cases, I will be very much obliged if you will state it in the columns of the *Farmer*. The symptoms of the disease were as follows: refusing food, vomiting, lying down the greatest part of the time with a listless manner, and seeming distress in the bowels, but no appearance of diarrhœa that I noticed.

Respectfully yours, D.

Seal Cove, Oct. 30, 1862.

Note. It is a disease with which we are unacquainted, and we must, therefore, call upon some of our intelligent readers to answer the query of our correspondent.—Eds.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Italian Bees.

Messrs. Editors:—I thought a few lines in relation to this variety of the honey bee would be acceptable at this time. It has been but a short time since their introduction among us, and I think there are but few stocks of this variety in Maine at the present time. That they should be more widely diffused, I think is apparent to every one who has given them a fair trial. The reputation which preceded the introduction of this variety was, that the bees were less sensitive to the cold; that their queens are more prolific; that the colonies swarmed earlier and more frequently; that they are less inclined to sting; that they are more industrious; that they are more disposed to rob than common bees, and more courageous and active in self-defence.

With the foregoing my experience will mostly agree. I will state a few facts in regard to their superior thrift the past season. For example, we will take one stock treated the same as the common bees, except previous to the middle of May it was disturbed frequently to obtain brood for rearing queens, yet previous to the 25th day of May, it stored six pounds of surplus honey, and on the 25th day of May it cast its first swarm, a peck of bees. The 3d day of June the second swarm came out, containing nearly as many bees as the first. The 14th of July it swarmed the third time, and it has yielded forty-six pounds of surplus honey, which I call a pretty good summer's work for one swarm. The swarm which came out the 25th day of May cast a swarm the 6th day of July; and while my common bees issuing at that time did not have three pounds the 1st of October, this had forty-three pounds. As the bees of this variety are much larger than the common kind, consequently their proboscees are much longer, enabling them to gather honey from the red clover and many other flowers inaccessible to our common bees. As they are larger and more hardy than our common bees, they are enabled to forage at a greater distance from the hives. Their superior industry cannot escape the notice of the most casual observer. They being very active can stow honey in cool, windy weather, such as keeps the common bees quiet in the hives. I believe that he who wishes to receive the most profit from bees, must keep this variety. I think it is with bees as with other portions of the farmers' stock, he who keeps the best breeds and gives them his attention, will make good profit; while on the other hand he who keeps only the poorer breed, will be constantly meeting with losses. In my opinion, there cannot be too much said in favor of the Italian Bees.

But as I have protracted this article to a much greater length than I at first intended, I will leave it, hoping to hear from others on the subject. Yours truly, C. B. Cotton.

West Gorham, Nov. 3d, 1862.

For the Maine Farmer.

"Does Pork Raising Pay."

Messrs. Editors:—After reading an article in the last *Farmer* on "Profits of raising Pork," I would like to show what I have done, and then ask the question, "Who says that pork raising *does* pay?" Instead of calling the feed eight cents per day, I will give the amount consumed. The first of last winter I took two good shoats weighing more than 100 pounds apiece,

Estimated value,	$12 00
52 bus. carrots at 28 cts per bu.,	13 00
9 bus. potatoes at 21 cts. per bu.,	1 89
6 bus. ears of corn, at 41 cts.,	2 46
15½ bus. barley meal, at 58 cts.,	9 13¾
5½ bus. corn meal, at 83 cts.,	4 56½
1 bus. pea meal,	90
1 bus. buckwheat,	50
Total,	$44 45

Early this fall I slaughtered the best one of them which weighed 343¾ pounds, and for which I received six cents per pound, making $20,61. This makes a dead loss of $1,61 on each hog, besides the slops from the house and the milk from three cows, which was their principal living during the three summer months. The compost will not more than pay for the trouble of taking care of them. West Gardiner.

Agricultural Miscellany.

How Linseed and Cotton Seed Oil, and Oil Cake are Made.

The cultivation of flax belongs to the age of homespun, and has gone by, as a general crop in this country. Fifty years ago it was common on almost every farm, and the brake, the hatchel, the swingling board, and knife, were as much farming tools, as the dung fork and the plow.—In-doors were the spinning wheel for flax, and the loom, where the linen and tow cloth were made for summer wear. Flax seed was then abundant, and oil mills for pressing the seed were to be found at convenient centers. But many of the present generation have never seen such an establishment, and have no idea of the process of making linseed oil. Though flax is still raised in this country in particular localities, the crop does not meet our demands. Large quantities of seed are imported, mainly from Russia, England, and the British East Indies. In the year 1855 over a million bushels were brought to this country from the British East Indies alone.

In making the oil, quite a variety of machinery is used—more or less expensive, according to the enterprise and capital of the manufacturer. The seed is first passed through iron rollers, to be crushed or ground. One of these rollers is made to revolve more rapidly than the other, which subjects each seed to a pulling, as well as crushing process. The meal is taken from the mill to the "chasers" where it is subjected to another crushing process, more severe than the first. The chasers are two large circular stones, about five feet in diameter and eighteen inches thick, rolling upon a third stone, in the manner of an old-fashioned bark or cider-mill. These heavy stones start the oil from the meal, and to keep it from adhering to the chasers, it is moistened with water.

The meal is next put into an iron cylinder which is kept revolving over a fire until the water is evaporated. Much of the skill in the art of making oil depends upon this heating process. It must not be scorched, and yet it wants to be brought up to a high temperature, so that it will readily give out its oil. The presses are of various structure, some of them patented, and others not open to public inspection. In the one that we saw, the vats or hoops, holding about two bushels each, were placed opposite each other against two immense beams, or uprights, made fast in the foundations of the building. The followers were forced down upon the meal by two large levers worked by hydraulic power. The meal is kept under pressure about an hour, and the two presses work up about ninety-six bushels of seed every twenty-four hours. The mill is kept running night and day for six days in the week. The product is not far from two gallons of oil to a bushel of seed, a little more or less, according to the quality of the seed and the skill in pressing. The cakes as taken from the press, are sometimes sold by the tun without grinding.—They are generally exported in this form. Where there is a market in the vicinity of the mill, the cakes are put under the chasers, and ground into meal, bagged, and sent to the feed stores. The price of the cake is from thirty to forty dollars a ton; ground into meal, it retails at about two dollars a hundred pounds. This is the favorite feed for fattening stock with the British farmer, and ought to receive more attention among us.

The process of making the cotton seed oil and cake is nearly the same. The seed of the Upland cotton is surrounded with a husk to which the cotton adheres. It is covered with a soft down after it leaves the gin, and in this condition it is purchased from the planter. The seed makes better oil and better meal when it is deprived of this hull and down. There are several patents for decorticating the seed. One is a stone mill, in which the seed passes between rough surfaces and the bark is rubbed off. Another is a steel mill doing the work more perfectly. After the hulling, the treatment of the seed is the same as for linseed. The yield of oil is less, being about ninety gallons to a hundred bushels of the Sea Island, or two gallons to fifty-six pounds of the hulled cotton seed. The Sea Island seed does not need hulling.

The cotton seed oil is comparatively a new article. It has not yet a steady commercial value. The meal is growing in favor as an article of fodder. It is adapted to the same uses as the linseed meal, and is by many thought to be as valuable, though it sells for about twenty-five per cent. less. The manure made from the animals fed upon it, is richer in ammonia than that made from any other kind of stall feeding. There is already a considerable demand for it in England, and it cannot be long before the export will exceed that of the linseed oil meal.—*American Agriculturist.*

Relation of Fodder to Manure.

The following article is by the Rev. John Wilson, author of the *Rural Cyclopædia*. It contains some curious and certainly very interesting facts:

"Fodder bears a direct and important relation to farm yard manure as well as to the feeding of stock. The weight of the excrement of a sheep, or an ox, or a horse, bears a definite proportion to the weight and quality of his fodder; and the weight of the entire manure obtained may easily be either calculated or pre-determined by the allotment of litter, the selection of animals, and the duration of confinement within the house or yard. Let a man simply reckon how much allotted fodder an animal is allowed in the day, how much litter is laid down to him in the day, what proportion the weight of the fodder bears to the weight of the excrement, and what degree of decomposition is allowed to take place upon the litter and the excrement, or what proportion of loss is occasioned by gaseous dissipation, and he may know to almost the smallest fraction of a pound what quantity of manure will be realized. According to an average of experiments and observations made by Veit and Block, and published by the former, 1 pound of ordinary meadow hay yields 1¼ pound of manure from a sheep, 1½ pound from a horse, and 2 pounds from an ox or cow; 1 pound of straw fodder yields 1.2 pound manure from a sheep, 1.4 pound from a horse, and 1.9 pound from an ox; 1 pound of green grass or green clover yields 0.37 pound of manure from a sheep, 0.4 pound from a horse, and 0.6 pound from a ox; 1 pound of potato tubers or of turnip bulbs yields ¼ pound of manure from a sheep, ½ pound from a horse, and 0.7 pound from an ox; 1 pound of grain yields 1 pound of manure from a sheep, 1½ pound from a horse, and 2 pounds from an ox; and 1 pound of straw litter yields 1.37 pound of manure with a sheep, 1.7 pound with a horse, and 2.2 pounds with an ox. "It is known," adds Veit, "that the dry fodder and the juicy, estimated according to hay value, with litter employed for the cattle, for manure in general, will give double the weight in moderately decomposed manure. For the production of 19,800 cwt. of manure, there are therefore necessary, of materials for the manufacture of manure, 9,900 cwt." He then shows that 50 morgens of potatoes, 20 of winter rape, 20 of winter wheat, 20 of winter rye, 40 of summer rye, 20 of barley, 20 of oats, 20 of peas, 10 of beets, 20 of red clover, 10 of lucern, 60 of thrice-mowed meadow, 117 of twice-mowed meadow, and 90 of once-mowed meadow, may, after deducting the loss of dung on the meadows, be computed to yield 12,-147 cwt. of immediate fodder and litter produced, and 24,224 cut of manure. Prof. Burger says, "the dry nutritious substance, or that which is reckoned by its dry weight, suffers in the bodies of beasts a considerable diminution by the loss of that which the absorbing vessels appropriate to themselves from it, and which with the excrements secretory of nutritious substances, are so easily decomposed by the process of putrid fermentation, that in a short time its substance as well as its weight is very considerably diminished. If we, therefore, say that 100 pounds of dry substance of consumed fodder, with a proportionate quantity of litter, gives 200 pounds of manure, this must be understood of stall-manure, where the greatest amount of urine is mixed in part with solid excrements, or if they should be dissipated on the dunghill, would be replaced again by rain. The more raw, more recent, stall-manure is, the more the beasts drink, the more they take of juicy food, the greater is the proportion of the weight of stall-manure compared with the weight of the fodder eaten; wherefore there is more manure from horned cattle than from horses, and the least from sheep."

Fall Work in the Garden and Orchard.

Although the great bulk of orchard and fruit garden planting cannot be safely done in the fall, yet very much can be done by way of lightening the press of business in the spring, to which farmers, especially in the West, are subject. The best season for transplanting trees here is unquestionably in the spring, as soon as the ground gets dry enough to work. We regard fall planting decidedly unsafe, and would not recommend it under any circumstances for tender trees. Still, the fall is the very best time in the whole season for getting trees from the nursery. Farmers have generally more time to attend to such things in the fall than in the spring. There is another advantage in selecting your trees in the fall—you get the first choice as to size and form, by the way, a very considerable item, as many find by experience who go late in the spring, expecting to get as good trees as their neighbors did weeks before them. Go to the nursery then and get your trees, take great pains to keep the roots moist and fresh, and when you get the trees home, dig a trench in a dry place with one side a good deal slanting. Against this sloping side lay your trees, and then fill in carefully among the roots with the best soil, and tread it down; and even the tops should be covered up with either earth or coarse manure. Trees wintered in this way come out in the spring in better order, of the two, than if left standing through the winter, and are on hand when you want to plant.

It is unquestionably a fact, that all trees, vines, and shrubs, are more or less vitally weakened during the winter. If some kind of artificial protection be given, the more vigorous the growth. Hence, if the trees are taken from the nursery in the fall, and treated in the manner prescribed, they lose little vitality comparatively, and are thus in a condition to make much more vigorous growth the ensuing season, than if left to undergo the vicissitudes of a hard winter—an alternation of frost, sunshine, wind, &c. We again earnestly recommend to every one intending to plant an orchard next spring, to at once go about getting your trees.

Cuttings.—Gooseberry, currant and grape vines may be removed early in the fall, or as soon as the foliage drops. Cuttings should also be made at the same season.

Sowing Seeds.—Many kinds of seeds should be sown just before winter sets in. Apple and pear seeds, chestnuts, peach, plum and cherry pits all need the effects of frost, and are better planted in the fall. Fruit pits should not be suffered to get thoroughly dry before planting.

Grape Vines.—These should be taken down from the trellis or stake, and thoroughly trimmed before winter sets in. Take off the feeble shoots, thin out the stronger, and head in those left; then lay them upon the ground, and cover with earth, or coarse manure, to be taken up and re-fastened to the trellis in the spring.

All hardy shrubs, as roses, snow balls, lilacs, &c., do well when moved in the fall, if early and carefully transplanted, and not placed in too exposed a situation. All hardy bulbous roots, as narcissus, hyacinth, tulip, crocus, &c., should be set in October, or early in November. They should have a deep, rich soil. Herbaceous plants generally, should be moved in the fall, as they do much better the next season than if moved in the spring. It is well to protect the crowns of all herbaceous plants, The tops of most roses, tender shrubs and the like, are also benefitted by throwing some coarse manure or litter over them.

Preparation of Garden and Orchard Grounds. The ground intended for the garden, or the orchard, should be prepared in the fall as far as possible. Let it be plowed deep and fine, and the subsoil turned up to the mellowing influence of the air and frost through the winter. Borders, strawberry beds, &c., should all be manured with well rotted manure, and spaded up ready for planting in the spring. Strawberry plantations should have a dressing of coarse manure to hold the snow, and to protect the plants from the changes of winter.

Scions. As soon as the leaves fall, scions may be safely cut, and if kept moist and from the air, may be transported a long distance. To keep them over winter, bury them in the ground in a dry place, and keep enough so as not to be too much exposed to frost.

Young Orchards. A few shovels full of dirt thrown around the stems of small trees, will protect the roots from severe freezing, and brace them against the effects of winter winds.

Prepare for Winter.

Many farmers too long delay the necessary preparation for winter. In this cold and changeable climate, it shows a great want of proper forethought and economy to neglect such repairs and preventives as will secure shelter and warmth for themselves and their stock, and tend to the preservation of the harvests of every kind which have been secured. A board off, or a pane of glass gone here and there, may prove the loss of young and tender animals, or of a portion of the potatoes, roots or apples which have been stored away. In such case there is a double loss—a loss of the property itself and of the labor which produced it, and to which is to be added the inconvenience of supplying a like amount, if it be absolutely required for wintering out the stock.

But this is not all. If the places where animals are kept are windy and damp, a large amount of the food that would otherwise go to increase the bulk of the carcass is consumed in making good the waste induced in meeting the large demand for animal heat. It is said by those who have given special attention to this matter, that from one-fourth to one-third more food is required to keep up the proper amount of animal heat, for an animal exposed to the cold, than is required for one that is protected from the elements by proper shelter.

So with regard to the house. A day or two spent in making all tight about the underpinning, in supplying whole, for broken glass, and in making the ledges about the windows so close as to prevent them from rattling, or admitting the wind—and similar attention given to the doors—will save considerable expense in the amount of fuel required during the winter, and greatly promote the comfort and happiness of the family. No barn or house can be kept warm at a moderate cost, where the wind is allowed to pass freely under the floors, as the air which is warmed in the room is made lighter, and is rapidly driven up by the constant current of cold air from below. This condition of things in the room is expensive, uncomfortable and trying, and has a decided effect upon the spirit and manners. No person could long preserve a cheerful equanimity, and be exemplary in tone and manner, under such circumstances. They make a class of trials which no considerate husband should allow his family to contend against.

These are only suggestions. Many other things are to be looked after, which a discreet foresight will place in proper order.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Worms in Fruit Trees.

In early spring, and also in autumn, remove the surface ground close around the stem and upper roots of your newly-planted or one, two, three or four year old apple, peach and other fruits and search for and remove the worms, if any, that infest them, by boring them out with a stout piece of wire—which is much better for this purpose than a sharp knife.

Being in Season.

Farmers' wives, as well as all other wives, should always be in season about everything. If "fall work" is to be done, do it in the fall, not linger till winter sends his cold, whistling winds to warn you of his near approach.

Be diligent and in season. Never cause your husband to wait a moment, if possible to prevent it, for, although he may have waited an hour when a lover, without complaining, as a husband he will not do it.

Be punctual as clock-work in all things. Have a regular hour for dinner and supper, and breakfast also if need be, and have the meal always at the appointed hour, unless some very important event prevents.

Never neglect your work to gossip with a friend. If one calls when your duties are in the kitchen, invite her to take a seat there, or if it be a stranger politely asked to be excused, but never give to your husband as a reason for a late, or badly prepared dinner or tea, that you had callers, and could not attend to it. It will be no excuse to him. Better wait fifteen minutes yourself, than have him wait five, by your tardiness. But your not being punctual, will not only be a disadvantage to your husband, but also to yourself—for by not having your meals all nicely prepared at the appointed time, you will feel nervous, heated and cross—will be more irritable than usual, and if one word of fault is found, it will be a spark fallen upon powder, and you will contrast a great cause of unhappiness from it, and imagine yourself after thinking and weeping a few hours, the most miserable of your sex. If your husband comes home from the field, tired, dull, out of spirits, and almost cross, and finds you ready to meet him with a pleasant smile and a kiss of welcome, backed by a nice dinner or tea already and waiting, believe me, unless he is love-proof, he will come down from his lofty pinnacle of sternness, and met you with an answering smile, and the meal will pass off pleasantly.

Learn, then, to have every thing done in season, and the only way to do so is to commence whatever you have to do, early. Don't sit and read, or even sew, till you feel the time is passing wherein you know you ought to be getting dinner. No, no! get the dinner, and then improve the remaining time in reading, writing, playing or sewing, just as suits you best, and do so with an easy conscience.

If you attend to these little points, believe me, you will save many sighs and tears, many lamentings and repinings, and will live a far happier life, than in indulging in a dilatory process of living.

It is a woman's duty to make as happy as possible, to remove all just cause of complaint, and to be the bearer, rather than the doer of wrong, and no one thing will tend more to promote domestic harmony than strict punctuality in everything appertaining to household affairs." Try it and see if my words are not true.—Sarah, *in New England Farmer.*

Good Housekeeping.

So much "Advice to Housekeepers" is constantly going the rounds of the press, that we feel a little diffident about broaching the subject; but, as it is a prolific theme, and one of general interest, inasmuch as the comfort, health and happiness of every family depends very much on good housekeeping, we will venture a word. These writers on housekeeping—who, by the way, are generally men—seem to think that one word covers the whole ground, and that is—work. To work early and late, to scrub and scour, and churn, and sweep, and wash, and bake—this, according to their theory, is good housekeeping. There never was a greater mistake. Some of the most notable workers we ever knew, were poor housekeepers. They *made* as much work as they *did*. To keep your whole house—garrets, closets, cellars—everything neat and clean; to see that nothing is wasted; to serve up well-cooked food in an attractive and orderly manner; to have "a place for everything and everything in its place"—this is good housekeeping. This sounds formidable enough, but one head and one pair of hands very often meet all these requirements, and that, too, in an easy, quiet way that seems like magic. It requires skill and forethought to keep all straight; but, by giving everything its proper time and place, it is easily accomplished.

If a lady be mistress of a large family, it by no means follows that, to be a good housekeeper, she must prepare every morsel of food, or to do all the washing, sweeping, milking, and the thousand other things to be done in a family. She may not do any of them, and yet be a notable housekeeper. Any one can do the hard, rough work, but not every one can plan it rightly; and this planning, management or whatever you please to call it, is the grand secret of perfect housekeeping. Without it, one may work hard all the time, and still have a comfortless and disorderly home, while with it, a vast amount of work is peformed with little bustle or fatigue, and the housewife has leisure for more refined occupations, or for mental improvement. We have known many notable housewives, who thought no farmer's wife or daughter should take time for music, or reading or even for fine needle-work, but we cannot understand why the workers should not enjoy such pleasures, as well as the idlers of fashion.—Mrs. S. Socwell, *in N. J. Farmer.*

Our Cavalry Horses.

Well knowing your wish and desire to diffuse useful knowledge in anything relating to the horses or the veterinary art, I thought I would take the liberty of addressing you on the subject, as far as my abilities allow me, the nature of the disease now causing so much devastation among the cavalry horses in the United States Government employ. It as nearly approximates to apoplexy as possible.

The attack generally comes on after a severe march and soon after watering. The first symptoms are a general dullness and sleepy look, the eyelids a little swelled, the pulse very variable; the horse will lean for support on the picket rope, or if there be no picket he will bear hard to the right on his halter, supporting his weight thereby; if moved, he appears as if he would fall, and at times will draw his hind quarters towards his head, spreading his front feet as far as possible in front of him. His sight and hearing become defective, and if you force him to move, he walks feelingly, as a blind horse will; there is no inflammation of the brain, therefore, it cannot be classed as mad staggers, nor stomach staggers, as there is no distention of the stomach. He will continue in this way for some hours, he then falls, grinds his teeth, occasionally whinneys; the eyes open and fixed, he is unable to swallow, and there is considerable twitching over the frame and death closes the scene. I have succeeded but in one case that I took in hand on its first appearance. I bled copiously, back-raked and gave two ounces barb aloes disolved in one pint of water, and applied a strong stimulant to the loins. If any of my professional brethren could give me any further advice, or their experience, I should be most happy to hear from them. I have lost by this disease during the last two months, eight or ten horses. I have no doubt it is brought on by overexertion, change of food and climate. I fancy if you think this worth publishing, it will set a great many people right who imagine it is merely megrims, and can easily be treated. I have the honor to subscribe myself

Respectfully yours to command,

Wm. Robinson, V. S. 1st, N. Y. M. R.

—*Wilkes' Spirit.*

For Chapped Hands.

Wash the hands, and, without using the towel, apply a small quantity of honey and rub it in well. Use once a day, and it will make the hands very soft, and cure as well as prevent chapped hands. Apply it in the same manner to a cow's teats.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Department of Agriculture.

The *Country Gentleman* in speaking of the appointment of Mr. Grennell as chief clerk of the Agricultural Department, says:

Mr. Grennell has for a number of years conducted the affairs of the Franklin County (Mass.) Agricultural Society, as Secretary and Treasury, with great credit both to himself and to the farmers of that county; he is one of the members of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture of longest standing, and has contributed a number of valuable articles, not only for its annual reports, but also for those of the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office. With a considerable knowledge of the agriculture of the Eastern States, derived both from experience and observation, he unites the advantage of some years' residence at the West, where he had also an opportunity of studying the systems of farming practiced. His name was suggested for his present position, on the part of Massachusetts, at an early period after the establishment of the Department, and we are heartily glad to see that appointment has been at length offered and accepted where we are confident of its being so well and usefully filled.

The Department of Agriculture, if rightly directed, may be made of great service to the Farmers of the country. We hope to see its officers, by degrees, evolve from the errors and confusion of the past, a bureau which shall prove an efficient means of advancing our Agricultural interests, of collecting and disseminating information heretofore unsought or inaccessible, and of representing in the councils and policy of the nation, that great class upon whom its prosperity so largely depends, but who have hitherto been so rarely consulted, even in matters in which they are most immediately concerned. But while the true position and influence of this Department cannot be at once attained, we shall watch its initial operations with great interest, since so much depends upon a good beginning, as requires the credit and standing to be acquired for it, both with the other branches of the government and among the people at large. Mr. Grennell has brought to the arduous duties of his post, an intelligent and persevering determination to perform them well; and, with due co-operation and support, the prospects of the Department must be the brighter for his having been appointed.

The Lessons of the Season.

Grass after Flax. In acordance with the general expression, I expected a very light crop of grass on the ground where the flax grew last year, but was agreeably disappointed, getting nearly two tons per acre, decidedly the best grass on my farm. It is my opinion that the care and pains, in mowing and culture, necessary in producing a crop of flax, will result in the impoverishment of our farms, especially if the seed be appropriated in an intelligent system of stockfeeding.

The Value of a Snow Drift. I have a few rods of fence in my field, the remains of a former division fence, running north and south, which necessarily held the snow, making a large drift to the leeward of it. The grass on the part covered by the drift was at least 50 per cent better than on other parts of the field. This suggests the inquiry whether it would not be best for farmers with a view to catch and retain the snow; even so far as to set out evergreen trees on the leeward side of the roads, and the windward side of the fields, and along all their division fences. This management would not only retain the snow, but also protect their plowed fields from having the most valuable portion of the soil blown away, and also induce a moister atmosphere in the summer season.

English Turnips. I believe I have found the cheapest way of raising English turnips. I plant my ground, (a fine loam or mountain intervale, somewhat exhausted by cropping,) about the first of July. I then spread on such manure as I have at hand at the rate of from 20 to 30 loads per acre, then sow the seed by hand, first marking off the ground in rows about fifteen inches apart, with a marker made in the form of a hand rake, then cover by drawing a drag load of stones over it till the surface of the ground is made fine and pretty hard. I thin carefully, pulling out the largest weeds. This is all I do them till the harvesting. Stooping down, I rest my left elbow on my left knee, and pull with the right hand and gather them with the left, and when filled, throw them into a heap, making one heap on a rod of ground. Afterwards sit down, and with a knife cut off the tops, then passing with a cart throw them in. I got this year 100 bushels from 31 rods of ground.—Albert Pease, *in Farmington Chronicle.*

Use of Waste.

Our doctrines are—feed the earth and it will feed you—feed the apple-tree and it will yield fair fruit.

Ashes. Take especial care of all the ashes made on your place. Don't permit them to be exposed to the weather, but keep them under cover. Five bushels of ashes, mixed with two double horse cart-loads of marsh river mud, muck or peat, will convert the whole into good manure. A hogshead or two of soap-suds would do the same thing—therefore, among your other savings, save and utilise them.

Poultry Dung. Having this regularly swept up every Saturday, packed away in barrels, and sprinkled over with plaster. Dana, with force and truth, says: "The strongest of all manures is found in the droppings of the poultry y

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Nov. 13, 1862.

Notice.

☞ Mr. S. N. Taber will call upon subscribers in the counties of Hancock and Washington.

Col. Wm. Swett of South Paris, will call upon subscribers in Androscoggin County.

Mr. H. P. Weeks of China, will call upon subscribers in Lincoln and Knox Counties.

Mr. Warren Fuller of Hartland, will call upon subscribers in Somerset County.

Shall we all Raise Wool?

The present extreme price of wool seems to act as a stimulus to Yankee enterprise in this line, and many, with true Yankee versatility are preparing to curtail their other branches of farming, and lend all their capital and energies to wool-growing. Now in answer to the question above, we would take the liberty to advise that every farmer should raise all the wool he can without varying the routine of profitable stock-raising too much. Extremes in any business are seldom lasting, and it is not the part of prudence and caution to change too suddenly a regularly and even moderately profitable business for another, which, from sudden emergency or outside pressure has come up to an extra profitable pitch.—The emergency or pressure that has inflated the price of wool all of us hope will not last long. Should the war cease within a year and people return to peaceful occupations again, wool would soon be reduced in price, and although it may not be reduced to so low a price as it was a few years ago, for several years, yet the present high figures will not be sustained. So we advise farmers not to be in a hurry to sell off all their cows and all their colts and oxen and go with a rush into the sheep speculation. Keep a fair balance of stock on hand, and be not led away with the bright vision that sheep are to be lords of the ascendant in the barn yard ever after this. The prices of wool and woolens will fall with the cessation of the troubles which have caused the rise. We hope that in the fall which is bound to come, they will not descend so low as we have seen them in times past. From 1826 to 1832 the tariff being pretty strong on foreign manufactures, wool brought on an average 50 cents per lb. This made wool growing a profitable business, and our farmers grew wool to the neglect of improved breeds of cattle and other stock. When the decline of the tariff began in 1852, wool began to decline in price from year to year until it came down ruinously low. We have known it down to 20 and 25 cents per lb. This signed the death warrant for many a goodly flock, and sheep that a few years before would have brought five dollars per head were sold for 75 cents per head, and wool-growing as a regular business was given up, and ox raising began to be the main pursuit.

These fluctuations are bad for farmers. They must needs come in the course of business, but happy is he who can steer a middle course between them and not be swayed too far to either extreme.

That Maine can raise wool to advantage with the price from 37 to 50 cents per lb., every farmer of but even limited experience knows. But if we should go too strongly into this business, to the neglect of other branches, the extra profit which we might obtain on wool, would be absorbed in making up the deficiency created by neglect of other pursuits, as essential to comfortable living as wool. While therefore just and proper attention to wool-growing should engage our attention, let us not let go any of the other important branches of farm husbandry. Good oxen, good cows, good horses and good swine will still be in demand and bring a fair remuneration for the care, labor, and expense of raising and preparing for market.

We would therefore take the liberty to urge as we ever have done that no pains be spared to keep up the quality and reputation of any of the breeds of stock and horses that have already received approbation of a discerning public, but also to bring up any flocks or herds not yet up to high repute for usefulness and value, to the highest point of excellence that good judgment, *skill* and industry possibly can; and by all means see that

> The flocks you rear—the herds you keep,
> "From bellowing bull to bleating sheep,"
> Be best in form and best in blood,
> Productive thus of greatest good.

The Queen of the Pumpkins. The king of the pumpkins was noticed the other day. Since then we have received through the politeness of our wide-awake friend, Capt. Jennings, from Capt. S. A. Frost, of North Wayne, the *Queen* of the pumpkins, large in rotundity, fair and smooth in form, and weighing 52 lbs. There's many a pumpkin-pie now in prospect for us provided we can keep it until Thanksgiving. Many thanks to the Captains for the favor, and may they always be productive and prolific whether in the domestic or pumpkin vine, as this specimen would seem to indicate.

In addition to these we have to chronicle the receipt of an elegant flat turnip, (we suppose turnips can be elegant as well as some other flats,) smooth and sleek, measuring 38 inches in circumference. It was raised and presented by our old friend Enos Chandler, of Dartmoor prison memory.

Hard upon Newspapers. Newspaper publishers come in for little more than their share of the common burdens of the war. In addition to the government tax of three per cent. upon paper, ink, advertisements and income (if they happen to have any) the cost of publication has advanced from 30 to 50 per cent., owing to the rapid and unprecedented rise in the price of paper and other articles used in the business. Many publishers in this and other States have announced their intention of increasing their subscription and advertising rates to enable them to meet, the large additional expense thus unexpectedly entailed upon them. We know not that we shall not be compelled to follow this example; but we mean to do our best to avoid a contingency so unpalatable to ourselves not less than to our subscribers. When, however, the burden becomes too grievous for us to bear, we confidently trust the old friends of the *Farmer* will not be unwilling to take some slight portion of it upon their shoulders. In the meantime we call upon those in arrears to help us in this emergency, by the prompt payment of their subscriptions; those who desire to avail themselves of our present advance rates will also be doing themselves and us a benefit by remitting at once in accordance with the published terms of the paper.

A Good Day's Work. A good day's work in plowing was performed upon the grounds belonging to the State, opposite the State House, one day last week. Gilman Turner, Esq., contracted with Mr. John H. Hussey, of this city, for the plowing of the ground. The first day he turned over *two acres and a half*, with a six-ox team. The soil was a stiff clay made doubly hard to turn from being trodden down by the troops encamped on it last fall and winter. The plowing was well done, and we regard it as an extraordinary day's work.

Acknowledged. We have received from one of our fellow townsmen, Moses R. Wentworth, a barrel of apples containing thirteen varieties raised in his orchard. They are now undergoing a searching pomological examination, after which we shall report more understandingly of their names and several merits and demerits.

☞ A patent has been issued to J. G. Young, of Auburn, for an improved boot and shoe stretcher.

The War News of the Week.

Telegraphic despatches from Washington convey the important intelligence of the removal of Gen. McClellan from the command of the army of the Potomac, and the appointment of Gen. Burnside as his successor. On Saturday last Gen. McClellan took his leave of the army in a farewell address, and Gen. Burnside immediately assumed the command.

Some of the reasons which have impelled the President to this important step, are shadowed forth in the official report of Gen. Halleck to the Secretary of War, which will be found elsewhere in our columns. Perhaps other and graver reasons may have made the removal of Gen. McClellan necessary. Whatever they may be, we are bound to believe that the President, with the solemn weight of responsibility upon him, in view of the critical exigencies of the country, the universal demand for a more active and vigorous prosecution of the war, and the imminent danger of foreign intervention in behalf of the rebel government, has been actuated by a high and patriotic sense of public duty. The concurrence of Gen. Halleck and the members of the Cabinet in the measure must be taken for granted, and we have no doubt that the country, whatever may be the differences of opinion in regard to the qualifications of Gen. McClellan as a military commander, will cheerfully acquiesce in its propriety and necessity. The cause is everything—men are nothing, only as they are made instrumental in the salvation of the country imperilled by treason and rebellion. The newly installed chief, Gen. Burnside, will command the hearty sympathy and confidence of the army and the people. He has been tried in many positions of emergency and peril, and has never yet been found wanting in the requisites of an active, energetic and skillful commander. Let us pray that he may be endowed with wisdom and strength for the greater and more arduous duties and responsibilities that now devolve upon him.

During the past week the army of the Potomac has been engaged in prosecuting the forward movement begun on the 27th of October, the left wing under Burnside, having reached an advanced position on the Rappahannock river; but it is feared from the information derived from our scouting parties and reconnoissances, that the enemy has succeeded as usual in slipping through our fingers. The impression prevails that Lee, with the main body of the rebel army, has already reached Gordonsville, leaving behind him a strong rear guard under Stuart and Hill, to keep us in check, while he leisurely pursues his way to Richmond. Several smart cavalry encounters have occurred between our forces under General Pleasanton and the rebel Gen. Stuart, with invariable success on our part, but no serious engagement has yet taken place.

Nashville has been to some extent relieved from its peril. The army corps of Gen. McCook reached that city on Friday last, and Gen. Crittenden was rapidly approaching with his division. Gens. Polk and Breckenridge, with 25,000 of Bragg's army are reported to have made their appearance on the south side of the city on Friday morning, while the guerilla, Morgan, was on the north side with 3000 men, and had made an attempt to destroy a bridge there, but was repulsed. Gen. Cheatham, with a portion of Bragg's army, was at Murfreesboro'. The remainder of Bragg's army, with the exception of 15,000 men, had left the Cumberland Gap and were pushing towards Nashville. It is not improbable that a great battle may be fought there for the possession of the city.

The news from Mississippi indicates important movements in that quarter. We learn by dispatches from Bolivar, Tennessee, that General Grant, with several divisions of the army from that place and Corinth, marched into Lagrange, Miss., on Tuesday night. The rebels under Price and Van Dorn are reported to have evacuated Holly Springs, whither they retreated after the battle of Corinth, and are now moving Southward.

Operations against the guerillas in Missouri and Arkansas continue to be successful. The former State has been almost entirely cleared of the presence of any armed bodies of rebels.

The rumor of the capture of Mobile, reported last week is without foundation. The preparations for the attack are not yet completed. It will be of such a formidable character that when made, it can hardly fail of a successful result.

Soldiers' Dead Letters. Until recently, letters written from the camp by soldiers, and sent from the local post office to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, if containing nothing valuable have been destroyed, simply because they could not be returned to the writers, on account of the constantly changing situation of the army. These letters, containing the last written expressions to dear friends, of the feelings and wishes of those who have periled their all in defence of their country, could but be treasured as valuable mementoes by many individuals. The means of the P. O. Department were inadequate for any additional expense, and one of the Clerks volunteered to examine them, out of office hours. In this way several hundred are examined daily, and forwarded to the office of original address containing the name and address of the writer, and if not called for they are returned to the Dead Letter Office and destroyed.

It is important that all those writing letters to their friends in the army, should be careful to sign their name in full. In such case, if the letter fails of its destination, and is sent to the Dead Letter Office, it will be returned to the writer if containing anything of value. For the same reason soldiers writing home should not only sign their full name, company and regiment, but the full name and address of those to whom it is written. By doing this a smaller number of soldiers' letters will be miscarried or find lodgement in the Dead Letter Office.

The Internal Revenue Tax. It will be gratifying to the country to know that the new national tax bill is likely to realize a much larger revenue to the government than was originally estimated by the framers of the law. The annual receipts under it were calculated at $150,000,000, but it is authoritively stated that all the indications which reach the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, go to show that the total annual amount will be nearer $250,000,000 than $150,000,000. Ten thousand rills of revenue, unestimated and unthought of by Congress, have been discovered by the Commissioners, and will be made available to swell the receipts far beyond the amount needed to provide for the interest on the national debt, leaving, perhaps, a hundred million annually to be devoted to the gradual extinguishment of the principal.

The Pirate Steamer Alabama. It has been stated that the original name of the pirate steamer Alabama was the "290," and was derived from the fact that 290 English merchants contributed the money to build and fit her out for the piratical business in which she is engaged. For the credit of English merchants we hope the statement made by the Richmond *Dispatch* in regard to the origin of the name is the true one. That paper says:

"The origin of the name of the 290 is this:—by a regulation of the Admiralty, all the English ship builders number the ships constructed at their respective yards, previous to their being named, which is usually done at the launching. The 290 was the 290th ship built at that particular yard, and being designed for foreign owners, she kept her number in lieu of a name."

☞ It is reported that Gov. Washburn is now on a visit to the Maine regiments in the army of the Potomac. He will receive a warm welcome from the boys.

The "Old Kennebec House."

As this house—recently destroyed by fire—was one of the oldest buildings in this city, we thought some notes relating to its history would be interesting to our readers, and have accordingly gathered together the following facts respecting it.

The original house was built by Amos Pollard, in 1784. It stood about three feet north of the south line of the "eight rod road," as Winthrop Street was then called. Mr. Pollard kept it as a house of entertainment until 1796 or 97, when he advertised it for sale. It was purchased, about 1798 by Peter P. Vose, who came here about that time from Milton, Mass. Mr. Vose cut the house down from the ridgepole, lengthwise, and moved a part of it to the place where it has since stood, on the site of the present ruins. The moving and repairing the house, Mr. Vose built on the front part, and also the north side, having a brick partition or wall running between the front and the west or back part. It will be remembered that the north part west of the brick wall, and also the front part, were higher than the south part west of the brick wall, which was that portion of the house originally built by Mr. Pollard. The front part was used as a store by Mr. Vose, and afterwards by Vose & Wales; but subsequently they dissolved partnership, and Mr. Vose continued in trade until he failed, in 1811. He was succeeded by Jno. S. Kimball, who traded until about 1815, when he removed to Belfast, and Mr. Benj. Davis, who had been a clerk for Mr. Kimball, purchased his stock, and commenced trade in the same store about a year later. Mr. Davis remained in the store until he went into business in McArthur's building, after which that part of the house that had been used as a store was converted into a barroom, and incorporated into the tavern. This was about 1830.

It is a very difficult matter to obtain correctly the names, in regular order, of those who have been connected with the house as landlords, or the dates of their keeping it. After Mr. Pollard sold out, the tavern was kept for a short time by Veire Ross, and afterwards by Stanley & Robinson. They dissolved, and it was after this, kept by Gen. Jesse Robinson, who was for a long time Sheriff of the County. About 1806, the house was purchased by Oliver Pollard—who we believe was a relative of Amos Pollard who built the house. Previous to this the house was known as the "Old Pollard Tavern," but on being purchased by Oliver Pollard, he had a swing sign painted, on which was an Indian, and underneath, the words "Kennebec House, by O. Pollard." Mr. Craig tells us that when this sign was erected, one of the old residents of the place somewhat noted for his roughness of speech, remarked with much surprise, "What! has Old Pollard got back again?" Mr. O. Pollard was succeeded by Edward Jones, and he by Theo. Hamlin. After keeping it some years Mr. Hamlin went South, and his wife kept the house during his absence. On his return he again kept it for a short time. The following named gentlemen have, we believe, been connected with the house as proprietor or keeper, but we are not sure that they are given in proper order: Joseph Burton, Barnabas Lambard, Timothy Page, who afterwards built the present "Mansion House," G. W. Perkins, Benjamin Hodges, from Hallowlel, Nathaniel Hutchins, who afterwards kept the Augusta House, Josselyn & Sylvester, Oliver Josselyn, George W. Ricker, W. M. Thayer. Oliver Josselyn built the brick stable in the rear of the house,—the wall of which is still standing—in 1850; and laid a plan for building a spacious hotel in place of the old one, which it was his intention to have erected, but he died in 1851, a year after the erection of the stable. Col. Ricker purchased the house of Josselyn's heirs, and occupied it until he went into the Stanley House, when Mr. Thayer leased the house and kept it until it was destroyed by fire on the night of Monday, Oct. 13th, 1862.

To look at the progress made in Augusta during the time this old building has been standing, we have only to turn back and see the place as it then was. In 1784—the year in which this house was built—the first meeting house was being erected on the present site of Dea. Means' store; at the foot of Court Street, was an old house owned by Asa Emerson; there was a house at the junction of what is now Green and Grove Streets, which was owned by Amos Pollard, and occupied by him previous to his going into the tavern; Judge North's house was standing on the site of the Granite Bank; above this, on the spot at the corner of Bridge and Water Streets, where the clothing store of S. Caldwell, Jr., Esq., now stands, was the house of Elias Craig, and near by, a small building occupied by him as a hatter's shop; and in the rear of the new Freeman's Bank building was the dwelling-house of Nathaniel Thwing, Jr. These eight buildings comprised the entire settlement on the west side of the river in 1784. What a contrast to our thriving city of to-day, with its numerous streets, elegant public and private buildings, andbusiness prosperity! What a great change has been wrought in the space of seventy-eight years!

For the above facts we are mainly indebted to Jas. W. North, Esq., who has for many years been engaged in collecting materials for a history of Augusta, which we hope will ere long be given to the public; to Elias Craig, Esq., Col. G. W. Ricker, and other citizens. The sketch may not be without errors, but if they are discovered we will cheerfully make the corrections.

☞ An interesting local event occurred in this city last week, which is worthy of a paragraph in our paper. Mr. Levi Foye, a respectable colored citizen, well known for many years as the keeper of an excellent restaurant on Water street, having accumulated a comfortable property by honest dealing and strict attention to his business, has recently disposed of his establishment to Mr. W. M. Thayer, the late landlord of the Kennebec Hotel. On Friday evening last, Mr. Foye gave a farewell entertainment at his rooms, a large number of his old friends and customers being present to partake of his generous hospitality. At the close of the repast, presentation was made of an elegant silver pitcher to the host, and a handsome set of casters to his faithful helpmeet, as testimonials of the regard and esteem in which they had so long been held by the community. The occasion was pleasantly enlivened with speeches, song and sentiment, and after an hour's enjoyment, the company took their leave with many sincere wishes for the future prosperity and happiness of their colored friends.

A Touch of Winter. On Friday night last, the wind having been strong north-east all day, it commenced snowing, and on Saturday morning everything presented the appearance of winter. Several inches of snow was upon the ground, the mercury indicated a temperature unmistakably suggestive of comfortable fires and thanksgiving, and sleighs were quite numerous in our streets during the day. It yet lingers upon the ground, and the atmosphere is decidedly *cool*. Perhaps it is intended as a warning to farmers and others to prepare for the long winter which is upon us. We hope they will heed it.

☞ A sad accident took place off Deer Isle on Friday, the 31st ult. Mr. Edwin Cole, of Deer Isle, started in a boat from Pond Island to return to his home in the former place, having with him two young ladies, Mary Jane, and Helen C. Hatch, sisters of Mr. Cole's wife, and daughters of Capt. Gideon Hatch of South Deer Isle. The wind was blowing fresh, and he attempted to adjust the sails, but the tide being strong in an opposite direction the boat rolled over and over, so that it was impossible to cling to it. The two young ladies were drowned before assistance came, and Mr. Cole was nearly exhausted in his endeavors to save the ladies.

Death of three Distinguished Generals. Death is making sad havoc among our Generals. Within the past two months the names of Kearney, Stevens, Reno, Mansfield and Rodman have been inscribed upon the roll of departed heroes who have given their lives to their country, and now we have the mournful duty of adding those of Jameson, Mitchell and Richardson to the list of the illustrious dead.

Among the number, Maine has to lament one of the noblest of her sons. Gen. Charles D. Jameson, of Oldtown, died at his residence on the 6th inst., at the age of 36 years. The disease of which he died was contracted in the malarious swamps of the Chickahominy, during the memorable campaign of the Peninsula. When the rebellion broke out he was placed in command of the first regiment from this State which marched to the defence of our beleaguered capital. At the battle of Bull Run, his brave and meritorious conduct won for him the appointment of Brigadier General. In the advance up the Peninsula, he led the troops that first entered Yorktown on Sunday, May 4th, 1862, and he gallantly joined in many of the contests on the Peninsula, up to June 1, on which day the memorable battle of Fair Oaks was fought. He was then taken down with camp fever, from which he has never recovered. No stronger evidence is needed of his character as a strict disciplinarian and a man of untiring industry and energy—and, coupled with his past history, of unquestioned fitness for his position—than is gathered from the fact that the raw and undisciplied troops over which he was placed had been gradually moulded into good soldiers. He was a man of sound sense and good natural ability, and his name will be honorably mentioned in the history of the country.

Gen. O. M. Mitchell, died at Beaufort, South Carolina on the 30th of October last, after a few few days illness of yellow fever. He was a native of Kentucky and has long been distinguished for his devotion to scientific pursuits. Immediately on the fall of Fort Sumter he tendered his services to the Government, and on their acceptance went into the war with his whole soul. Since that he has lost no opportunity in striking telling blows upon the rebels.

At the time of his death he had recently been placed in command of the army of the South, and had projected a series of land and naval operations against the enemy which promised the most successful and important results. He was one of the ablest and most energetic generals of the war. Possessing quick, ready perception, an activity of mind rarely ever witnessed, and a perseverance in any pursuit once entered upon, he was peculiarly qualified by nature and education to conduct the war upon the same principles of vigor and dash that have constituted the almost entire success of the rebels. Both science and our country have sustained in him a loss which, at this time is sad and disheartening.

Gen. Richardson, one of the heroes of Antietam, where he received his death wound, died at Harper's Ferry on Tuesday last. He was a native of Fairfax Vt., and a graduate of West Point. At the close of the Mexican war, where he distinguished himself in nearly all the engagements under Taylor and Scott, receiving repeated promotions for gallant conduct, he retired from the army. At the breaking out of the rebellion he volunteered his services and commanded a Brigade in the advance toward Manassas a year ago last Summer, and lead the advance from Centreville to Blackburn's Ford. He was engaged in the battle of the 18th of July and maintained his position in front of the Ford until after the retreat of the main army. Indeed, it was his gallantry, coolness and courage that, more than anything else, saved our army from utter disgrace and ruin. He participated in many of the subsequent battles in Virginia, and everywhere exemplified the patriot and hero. His loss will prove a severe blow to the Union cause.

Col. McClusky. The Bath *Sentinel* learns by private letters from New Orleans, that this unfortunate man, who entered the army as Colonel of the 15th Maine, honored and respected by all who knew him, has, through the influence of intoxicating liquors, become a ruined man. Since leaving his regiment at New Orleans, his dissipation had become so conspicuous as to attract the attention of Gen. Butler, who issued a special order, requiring the Colonel to doff his military suit, and leave the city by the first conveyance. He left the city of New Orleans, the 20th, for Havana, en route for South America. The bad example of Col. McClusky, while his regiment was stationed in this city, last winter, exerted a most demoralizing influence upon the officers and men, so that before it left for the South it became a by-word for drunken insubordination and worthlessness. Under better auspices it might have been one of the most valuable regiments in the service, and an honor to the State. We are happy, however, to learn since a recent change of officers, that a great improvement has taken place in the character and discipline of the 15th, and that it bids fair to win for itself a worthy place in the esteem of its fellow citizens.

Steam Fire Engines. We have received the circular of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Co., of Manchester, N. H., containing illustrations and descriptions of the different sizes of Steam Fire Engines manufactured by them, and giving a descriptive list of the engines already built by the Company and where they are located. It gives the names of sixty-five, of which two are in Portland, Me., twenty-two in cities and towns in Massachusetts, and others in almost every loyal State in the Union, and also many in the Provinces. So far as we are acquainted they have proved successful wherever used; and we hope their known advantages, and the agitation of the matter by our citizens at this time will be the means of urging our city authorities to consider the practicability, economy and necessity of procuring one for Augusta.

New War Map. We have received from the publishers, L. Prang & Co., 109 Washington street, Boston, a copy of the second edition of their War Telegram Marking Map of Eastern Virginia. It is one of the most convenient and comprehensive maps of the seat of war in Virginia that has yet been published—all the prominent points occupied by the Union and rebel armies from time to time being plainly delineated, enabling the observer to trace the different changes of position made necessary by the varying fortunes of the war. With the above we have also a War Map of the Middle and Southern States, arranged on a similar plan. A single glance suffices to give precise information of the relative position of the contending armies in any portion of the rebel States, as advised by the telegraphic dispatches of the day. Every person interested in the war ought to be in possession of a copy of these maps. Price of each 25 cents.

The Legislative Tri-Weeklies. The publishers of the *Journal* and *Age*, will both issue their usual tri-weekly editions during the approaching session of the Legislature. They will contain in addition to a full report of the Legislative proceedings, the doings of Congress and the latest telegraphic despatches from the seat of war. Being published on alternate days the two papers will keep their readers posted daily in all the important intelligence of the times. The price for each will be $1 for the session.

Sergeant Ambler. The *Kennebec Journal* speaks a good word for Sergeant Ambler, whose patriotic and unremunerated labors have been devoted for some months past to the instruction of officers and men of the new regiments in the sword exercise. The *Journal* reccommends his case to the consideration of the Legislature.

The November Elections. Elections were held last week in the States of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Delaware and Kansas. We give the following brief summary of the results so far as they have been ascertained:

Massachusetts.—Gov. Andrew the republican candidate is re-elected by a majority of 25,000. The Legislature in both branches is largely Republican, securing the return of Hon. Chas. Sumner to the Senate, an issue which entered prominently into the contest. The Republicans elect 9 members of Congress and the People's party 1.

New York.—The Democrats have elected their candidate, Mr. Seymour, for Governor by a majority of about 11,000, and carried 18 out of the 31 Congressional districts. The Legislature is divided, the Republicans having the Senate, and the Democrats the House. The city of New York alone gave a majority of over 31,000 for Gov. Seymour.

New Jersey.—The Democratic candidate for Governor is elected by about 12,000 majority. Four Democrats are elected to Congress, and one Republican. The Legislature is also largely Democratic.

Illinois.—The State has been carried by the Democrats by 10,000 to 15,000 majority. Congressmen elected, 9 Democrats, 5 Republicans.

Wisconsin.—The election was for members of Congress only. The Republicans elect 3, and the Democrats 2—one district in doubt.

Michigan.—Republican majority on State ticket reported about 6,000. Four Republicans elected to Congress and one Democrat. The 6th district is still in doubt.

Minnesota—The Republicans have a majority in the State of 2000, and have elected the two members of Congress.

Missouri.—The State is reported to have thrown a majority for the emancipationists, who have also carried 4 out of the 9 Congressional districts.

Delaware.—The Union candidate for Governor is elected by a majority of 111. The only Congressional district of the State is carried by 23 majority. The Legislature is Democratic.

Kansas.—The Union Republican ticket has carried the State, electing a Republican member of Congress.

The recent elections make it certain that there will be a clear majority in opposition to the administration in the next House of Representatives. The Senate will remain as before.

Second Bondholders Meeting K. & P. Railroad. We learn from the Brunswick *Telegraph* that the Second Mortgage Bondholders in pursuance of notice, meet in that town on Wednesday 5th inst. Hon. D. C. Magoon in the chair. John Dorr Esq., of Augusta was chosen clerk, and a committee reported that $ 191,500 of Bonds were represented.

The Bondholders being in possession proceeded to business, and Judge Rice reported the old code of By-Laws, slightly amended, and the report was accepted.

The following Board of Directors was nominated and elected:—

Ether Sheply, R. D. Rice, George F. Patten, N. M. Whitmore, Wm. D. Sewall, Darius Alden, and H. S. Hagar.

The By-Laws provide that the capital stock of the new Company, shall not exceed $ 1,500,000 in shares of $ 100 each. The title of the Company is changed, (as required by statute,) to *Portland & Kennebec* Railroad, instead of as now Kennebec & Portland Railroad.

The Trustees hold over in behalf of the 1st Mortgage Bondholders, with whom the new Company will have to compound claims. The old Company has died a natural death.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Judge R. D. Rice was elected President, N. M. Whitmore Secretary, and John S. Cushing, Treasurer.

Relieved from Duty. It has been stated that Major J. W. T. Gardiner, Military Superintendent of the State is to be relieved from duty at this post. The Augusta correspondent of the Boston *Journal* gives the following version of the misunderstanding between Major Gardiner and Governor Washburn in regard to mustering and forwarding the nine months' regiments from this city:

"Maj. Gardiner, it is understood, acted under special orders from the War Department at Washington, not to muster into the U. S. service for nine months any regiment that fell below the maximum number, and as the regiments in question did not come up to that standard, he felt it his duty not to muster them in. On the other hand it was contended by the Governor that the regiments had once been up to the required standard, and that the numerical deficiency was occasioned by men having gone into three years' service; that there was no way by which the regiments could be again brought up to the maximum number, as every man which was needed to make up the State's quota had been furnished. There was also a similar collision of official opinion respecting the surgical examination of men, beside one or two other unimportant matters. The War Department at Washington is held as the blameable party."

Fate of a Deserter. Albert W. Lunt of Hampden of the Maine 9th regiment, has been sentenced to be shot as a deserter, at St. Augustine, Florida, and the sentence has been approved by the President. The Bangor *Whig* says he is an old offender, has been arrested half a dozen times for stealing, and the last time for stealing a horse, for which he was sent to the State Prison. He enlisted in Co. I, 9th regiment, deserted to the enemy, informed of a detachment of Union soldiers to spite an officer who had offended him, and whose capture he wanted to secure. He made the acquaintance of a young female, from whom he stole money in gold and Confederate notes. She reported him to the officer in command of the Confederate forces, who returned him with a note stating that according to the laws of civilized warfare it was impossible for them to mete out justice to Lunt, and he accordingly returned him to the camp of the Ninth for punishment.

☞ The Governors of the New England States held a conference in Boston last week with Gen. Banks, in reference to the proposed military expedition to Texas which is now being fitted out under his direction. It is understood that one object of the meeting was to devise measures for raising an additional regiment of cavalry to be recruited in the several States. Probably Maine will be called upon to furnish one or more companies for the purpose. We have no doubt that a prompt and cheerful response will be given to the requisition if it is made upon us.

☞ On Thursday last two hundred recruits for the Maine 8th and one hundred for the 9th, left this city by steamer to Boston en rout for Port Royal. About forty others, belonging to the same regiment, some of whom are sick in hospital, were necessarily left behind to be sent forward at the earliest opportunity. On Sunday afternoon last, 132 horses, purchased in this city and vicinity for the use of the Maine Cavalry left here by special train for Washington. Sixty recruits for our regiments in Virginia accompanied the train.

☞ The annual exhibition at Oak Grove Seminary will take place on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of the present week. The exercises, judging from the programme, will be of the most interesting character. Rev. Mr. Hawes of Waterville will deliver the address before the Literary Institute on Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock. Doubtless there will be a large gathering of the 'friends' of the School on this its annual festival.

Field Officers of the Maine Regiments. The following Roster of the field officers of the regiments and batteries of Maine volunteers, as existing Nov. 1, 1862, has been issued from the office of the Adjutant General of the State:

Infantry.

2d Regiment—Col. Charles W. Roberts, Bangor; Lt. Col., Geo. Varney, Bangor; Major, Daniel F. Sargent, Brewer.

3d Regiment—Col. Henry G. Staples, Augusta; Lt. Col., Moses B. Lakeman, Augusta; Major, Edwin Burt, Augusta.

4th Regiment—Col. Elijah Walker, Rockland; Lieut. Col., Lorenzo D. Carver, Rockland; Major, William L. Pitcher, Bangor.

5th Regiment—Col. Edward A. Scammon, Portland; Lieut. Col., Clark Swett Edwards, Bethel; Major, Henry R. Millet, Palmyra.

6th Regiment—Col. Hiram Burnham, Cherryfield; Lieutenant Col. Charles H. Chandler, Foxcroft; Major, Benjamin F. Harris, Machias.

7th Regiment—Col. Edwin C. Mason, Portland; Lt. Col., Selden Conner, Fairfield; Maj., Thomas W. Hyde, Bath.

8th Regiment—Col. John D. Rust, Camden; Lieut. Col., Joseph F. Twitchell, Patten; Maj. John Hemingway, Sanford.

9th Regiment—Col. Rishworth Rich, Portland; Lt. Col., Horatio Bisbee, Jr., Canton; Maj., Sabine Emery, Eastport.

10th Regiment—Col. George L. Beal, Norway; Lieut. Col., James S. Fillebrown, Lewiston; Major, Charles Walker, Portland.

11th Regiment—Col. Harris M. Plaisted, Bangor; Lt. Col., Robert F. Campbell, Cherryfield; Maj., Winslow P. Spofford, Dedham.

12th Regiment—Col. Wm. K. Kimball, Paris; Lieut. Col., Edwin Ilsley, Lewiston; Maj., Gideon A. Ha stings Bethel.

13th Regiment—Col. Henry Rust, Jr., Norway; Lt. Col., Frank S. Hesseltine, Bangor; Maj., Abernethy Grover, Albany.

14th Regiment—Col. Frank S. Nickerson, Searsport; Lt. Col., Thomas W. Porter, Bangor; Maj., Charles S. Bickmore, Searsport.

15th Regiment—Col. Isaac Dyer, Skowhegan; Lieut. Col., Benjamin B. Murray, Jr., Pembroke; Maj., Franklin M. Drew, Presque Isle.

16th Regiment—Col. Asa W. Wildes, Skowhegan; Lt. Col., Charles W. Tilden, Castine; Major, Augustus B. Farnham, Bangor.

17th Regiment—Col. Thomas A. Roberts, Portland; Lt. Col., Chas. B. Merrill, Portland; Maj., George W. West, Fort Kent.

18th Regiment—Col. Daniel Chaplin, Bangor; Lieut. Col., Thomas H. Talbot, Portland; Maj., Charles Hamlin, Orland.

19th Regiment—Col. Frederick D. Sewall, Bath; Lt. Col., Francis E. Heath, Waterville; Maj., Henry W. Cunningham, Belfast.

20th Regiment—Col. Adelbert Ames, Washington, D. C.; Lt. Col., Joshua L. Chamberlain, Brunswick; Maj. Charles D. Gilmore, Bangor.

Cavalry.

1st Cavalry Regiment—Col. Samuel H. Allen, Thomaston; Lt. Col, Calvin S. Douty, Dover; 1st Maj., David P. Stowell, Canton; 2d Maj, Warren L. Whitney, Bangor; 3d Maj., Jonathan P. Cilley, Thomaston.

Mounted Artillery.

Major Davis Tillson, Rockland.

Batteries.

1st—Capt. Edward W. Thompson, Brunswick.
2d—Capt. James A. Hall, Damariscotta.
3d—Capt. James G. Sweet, Brewer.
4th—Capt. O'Neil W. Robinson, Jr., Bethel.
5th—Capt. Geo. F. Leppieu, Portland.
6th—Capt. Freeman McGilvery, Searsport.

Sharpshooters.

Company D—Capt. Jacob McClure, Rockland.

Nine Months Men.

21st Regiment—Col. Elijah D. Johnson, Lewiston; Lt. Col., Nathan Stanley, Vassalboro'; Maj. Benj. G. Merry, Bath.

22d Regiment—Col. Simon G. Jerrard, Levant; Lt. Col., Alonzo G. Putnam, Dover; Maj., John O. Brackett, Palmyra.

23d Regiment—Col. Wm. W. Virgin, Norway; Lt. Col., Enos T. Luce, Auburn; Major, Alfred B Soule, Lewiston.

24th Regiment—Col. George M. Atwood, Gardiner; Lt. Col., Charles T. Bean, Warren; Maj., Eben Hutchinson, Athens.

25th Regiment—Col. Francis Fessenden, Portland; Lt. Col, Charles E. Shaw, Portland; Maj., Alexander M. Tolman, Portland.

26th Regiment—Col. Nathaniel H. Hubbard, Winterport; Lt. Col., Philo Hersey, Belfast; Maj., James N. Fowler, Searsport.

27th Regiment—Col. Rufus P. Tapley, Saco; Lt. Col., Mark F. Wentworth, Kittery; Maj., James M. Stone, Kennebunk.

28th Regiment—Col. Ephraim W. Woodman, Wilton; Lt. Col., Wm. E. Hadlock. Cranberry Isle; Maj. Joseph D. Bullen, New Sharon.

Draft Commissioners. Those towns which have not yet furnished their quota of troops under the two recent requisitions of the President, are limited to the 17th of the present month to make up their deficiencies. If they are not forthcoming at that time a special draft will be immediately ordered and rigidly enforced. The following Commissioners have been appointed to superintend the drafting in the several counties:

Aroostook—Eben Woodbury, Houlton.
Androscoggin—William P. Frye, Lewiston.
Hancock—Parker W. Perry, Ellsworth.
Lincoln—E. W. Stetson, Damariscotta.
Franklin—Simeon H. Lowell, Farmington.
Somerset—T. H. Dinsmore, Skowhegan.
Sagadahoc—James Carney, Richmond.
Kennebec—George W. Ricker, Augusta.
Knox—Joseph Farewell, Rockland.
Oxford—J. C. Marble, Paris.
York—E. P. Banks, Biddeford.
Cumberland—John Lynch, Portland.
Penobscot—Gideon Mayo, Orono.
Piscataquis—Charles W. Lowell, Foxcroft.
Waldo—N. G. Hitchborn, Stockton.
Washington—George W. Dyer, Calais.

Maine Soldiers in Hospital. The following are the names of Maine Soldiers in the Convalescant Hospital at Alexandria, Va., Oct. 29th. Most of the number are reported improving:

Privates Geo. W. Jones, 2d battery, Waldoboro'; wound; Chas. Muse, I, 2d, lung affection; Hiram Harvey, 6th, diarrhœa; Elbridge C. Merrill, A, 6th, do.; Francis C. Bridges, I, 2d; Jas. Smith, I, 2d; Herbert Huntoon, K, 3d, Readfield, diarrhœa; W. P. Bailey, E, 3d, Winterport; Isaac C. Titcomb, G, 5th, Paris, chronic diarrhœa; Geo. H. Brown, G, 10th; Wm. Holt, K, 10th; Jacob L. Knight, E, 10th; Jas. Smith, D, 10th, Portland; Roswell Burgess, H, 4th; Simeon B. Worthly, G, 10th, Westport; Geo. G. Strout, H, 6th, West Corinth; James McCorrison, H, 6th, Kenduskeag; Joshua Ayer, 4th battery; Samuel C. Webber, F, 11th; Charles H. Higgins, G, 11th, Trenton; Thos. B. Sturtevant, I, 6th, Dedham, chronic diarrhœa; Charles L. Ballington, B, 6th, Dedham; Tylston Artherton, G, 3d, West Waterville, diarrhœa; Aaron J. Ward, B. 20th; Geo. W. Hatch, H, 6th; John Flanders, B, 6th U. S. I., Portland; Isaac Doren, F, 17th, U. S. I., Houlton; Sergt. Cyrus Brown, B, 15th Mass., Vienna.

The Battle in South Carolina. The *New South*, a loyal paper published at Port Royal, in its report of the late expedition against the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, says our loss in killed, wounded and missing was 213. Speaking of the results of the enterprise, that paper says:

"We have ascertained the enemy's force on the line of the railroad, and we have the proud satisfaction of knowing that a small force of our brave men have marched right into their midst, driving them from their strongholds—whipping them at every turn, and obliging them to destroy a bridge in their retreat, to avoid pursuit and annihilation—thus virtually acknowledging our victory and their defeat. Our troops beha

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

not necessary to accumulate evidence from the mass, which throughout scarcely affords one fact in contradiction to what each one establishes—that Col. Miles was incapable of conducting a defence so important as was this of Harper's Ferry.

The commission would not have dwelt upon this painful subject, were it not the fact that the officers who placed this incapable person in command should share in the responsibility; and, in the opinion of the commission, Major General Wool is guilty to this extent of a grave disaster, and should be censured for his conduct. The commission has remarked freely on Col. Miles, an old officer who has been killed in the service of his country; and it cannot, from any motives of delicacy, refrain from censuring those in high command when it thinks such censure deserved.

The General-in-Chief also testifies that in his opinion Gen. McClellan could and should have relieved and protected Harper's Ferry; and in this opinion the commission fully concur.

HEADQUARTERS Army of the Potomac,
Warrenton, 10th.

Gen. McClellan was to have left here yesterday for the North, but the transferring of a command like this could not be accomplished in a day; and he was therefore compelled to remain.

About evening all the officers belonging to headquarters assembled at the General's tent to bid him farewell. The only toast given was by Gen. McClellan: "The Army of the Potomac."

Gen. McClellan and staff, accompanied by Burnside, bade farewell to this army; visiting in succession the several army corps. As the General rode through the ranks, the battered banners of the veteran regiments were dipped to greet him, while the thousands of soldiers gave vent in continuous rounds of cheers and applause to their feelings.

The General and staff will leave by special train tomorrow for the North.

AUGUSTA, Ga., 6th. The Savannah *Republican* of this morning says the abolitionists were bombarding the Tampa Bay flotilla on the 3d. Our forces were confident of their ability to hold out.

In Jackson, on the 5th inst., a cartridge factory exploded, killing every person employed in the works. Not less than 30 lives were lost.

FORTRESS MONROE, 9th. The Richmond papers of Sunday say that the abolitionists marched from Washington, N. C., to a point on the Roanoke river below Wilmington and Weldon, to cut off the rebel troops, but were kept at bay while the Confederates fell back to Spring Green below Wilmington, with a loss of two killed and 31 wounded. The federals loss was very heavy, including one entire cavalry company cut up and destroyed.

MOBILE, 6th. Advices from Holly Springs states that the enemy have advanced in force to Lagrange, and are advancing on that place.

The Record of the War.

The Campaign in Virginia---Continued Advance of the Federal Army.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 4. The Washington *Star* says: Last night the advance of the army of the Potomac under Gens. Burnside, Fitz John Porter and others, doubtless bivouacked upon the line of the Alexandria and Winchester turnpike from Upperville, three miles in front or below Ashby's Gap down to Middlebury, a distance of ten miles. Their cavalry must have halted for the night very near, if not upon the line of the Manassas Gap Railroad, somewhere between Front Royal and Thoroughfare Gap. The forces under Gen. Sigel, which took up the line of march early yesterday, must have advanced upon the line of the same railroad to Thoroughfare Gap ere nightfall, if not beyond that point, while another division of the army immediately in front of Washington under Gen. Sickles, at the same time was doubtless advancing in the rear of Gen. Sigel, and at night within supporting distance of him. Such we judge from our knowledge of the country, roads, &c., to have necessarily been the movements on the chess board, east of the Blue Ridge, yesterday.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4. The *Times* has the following:

Snicker's Gap, Nov. 3. Snicker's Gap was occupied by our forces yesterday afternoon at three o'clock, Hancock's entire division holding it until night when Sykes' division took its place The rebels were evidently foiled in intending to hold Snicker's and Ashby's Gaps, and give us battle. They were marching upon the other side to take it when we entered. We threw shell among their forces, who wheeled and retreated on double quick.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4. A Harper's Ferry dispatch of the 2d, says no enemy opposed our advance until it reached Snickersville, when they retreated to the western side. As our column reached the crest of the hill a body of rebel cavalry with a battery and two brigades of infantry emerged from the woods in the direction of Winchester.

A Parrott battery sent an effective shell amongst them, when they retreated to the woods and have not since emerged. A body of them have remained on the banks of the Shenandoah, two miles off, afraid to retreat in the face of the battery.

Our forces are in full possession of the Gap. The rebels intended to dispute the possession of the Gap, but were about an hour behind time.

HEADQUARTERS Army of the Potomac,
Broomfield, Va., Nov. 3—Monday Evening.

The advance of the Army of the Potomac up the valley on the left side of the Blue Ridge is being pushed forward with all dispatch.

Gen Pleasanton occupied Upperville this afternoon after a spirited engagement with the enemy for about four hours. We had one killed and several wounded. The rebels left three of their dead on the field.

Upperville is four miles from Ashby's Gap, which the rebels are endeavoring to hold. Our troops now hold all the Gaps up to Ashby's, with every prospect of having that to-morrow.

The army is ready and prepared to fight a general battle when the rebels may see proper to meet them. The army is in a better condition than it has ever been, with the exception of a want of more cavalry—a want that is greatly felt.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4. A Centreville dispatch, dated yesterday morning, says Gen. Sickles, with Patterson's brigade, has driven the rebels from Manassas and Bull Run below Bristow Station, and would probably encamp near Warrenton Junction last night.

A special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Enquirer* yesterday, says: General Sigel occupied Thoroughfare Gap without a fight to-day. There has been no battle, but continual skirmishing with Stuart's cavalry, and small losses on both sides.

Defeat of Guerrillas in Missouri.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 4. We have additional details of the recent rout of Benbridge's guerillas at Ballingee Mills, in southeast Missouri. The forces of Dewy and Lazea formed a junction beyond Pittman's Ferry. Dewy had a running fight for fifteen miles with Benbridge's guerillas. Our loss was trifling. Several of the enemy's officers were taken prisoners.

Lazea chased a detachment of Boone's men from Van Buren to Bellingee Mills, five miles this side of Pocahontas. The killed, wounded, and captured of the enemy amount to 236. Our loss was one killed and four wounded.

CAMP CURTIS, Jackson Co., Nov. 4.

To Major General Curtis:

For nearly a week I have pursued Quantrell's band of guerillas with Major Ransom's cavalry, Capt. Chesnut's company of the 12th Kansas, and one piece of artillery under Lieut. Hunt.

We have killed two and taken one man prisoner, captured over 100 horses and mules and driven the marauders out of this part of the State. They are in full retreat south. None fell on our side. A considerable number of contrabands accompany us to Kansas.

(Signed) JOHN S. BARNES,
Lieut. Colonel Commanding.

Gen. Buel's late Conduct to be Investigated.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4. The Secretary of War has ordered a military commission to be organized to inquire into the conduct of Major Gen. Buell, in reference to his permitting the invasion of Kentucky by Gen. Bragg; his failure to relieve Munfordsville and allowing its capture by the enemy; his conduct during the battle of Perryville; his suffering the forces of Gen. Bragg to escape from Kentucky without capture or loss in attacking them, and his operations in the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. The Court is to be held at Cincinnati.

Further Advance of the Army of the Potomac---Ashby's Gap Occupied.

HEADQUARTERS Army of the Potomac,
Nov. 4, 1862, 4.10 P. M.

Last night it was uncertain whether the possession of Ashby's Gap would be contested or not. Every preparation was made to force it if circumstances made it necessary, but the rebels retreated this morning leaving our troops in undisturbed possession of the mountain.

From the Hights a favorable view of Shenandoah valley was had, but no large body of the enemy was seen. Winchester was plainly visible and the intervening portion of the valley.

The commands of cavalry and artillery under Generals Pleasanton and Averill occupied Piedmont last night. This morning they pushed on, and after a spirited skirmish occupied Marquette. They now hold the approaches to Manasses and Chester Gaps, on the left of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

From New Orleans---Successful Expedition---Rebel Fort at Georgetown, S. C., Destroyed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5. A New Orleans letter to the *Herald* states that Gen. Weitzel's Brigade landed at Donaldsonville on the 25th, and proceeded thence to Thibodeaux, where they had a slight engagement, capturing 200 rebels. Another force was sent to attack the rebels in the rear, under Col. Thomas, and two iron clad and two gunboats under Capt. Buchanan to Atchafalaya with the 21st Indiana regiment, which he landed at Brashear City, while the gunboats go to destroy the gunboats said to be there. The rebels destroyed all the produce at Donaldsonville prior to the arrival of Gen. Weitzel.

A letter from the steamer Norwich, off Georgetown, S. C., states that the rebel fort was destroyed, and seven rebels killed. Contrabands state that a good deal of sickness prevails at Georgetown, and that a six-gun floating battery was being built at Charleston, S. C.

From the Army of the Potomac---Encounter with Stuart's Cavalry---The Enemy Routed.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC,
Rectortown, Va., Nov. 5, 10 P. M.,
Via Washington, 6th, 11.50 A. M.

Gen. Pleasanton remained over night at Mark Hall, and this morning moved toward Brisbur's, five miles distant and near the month of Chester Gap. Before reaching the town he came up with Gen. Stuart with 3000 men and one battery The enemy had their guns posted on a hill on the left of the road, but were driven off.

Col. Gregg of the 8th Pennsylvania charged on them with a full regiment, completely routing them and taking prisoners. As the rebels fled Captain Saunders with a squadron of the 6th Pennsylvania regiment charged on their flank, while Capt. Pennington with another force assaulted them with shells. The rebels left ten of their dead on the field. Our loss was one killed and five wounded.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6. A letter from Piedmont, dated evening of the 4th, 5 miles east of Manassas Gap, says, according to the inhabitants, all the rebel army in this vicinity has retreated through Manassas Gap. Gen. Pleasanton will occupy the Gap this evening and learn definitely with regard to it.

Two contrabands who came to Aldie, Va., yesterday give information that Jackson and Lee are now at Culpepper with strong forces. Extensive works are being erected on the Rappahannock to prevent a crossing by the Union troops.

Successful Engagement at New Baltimore.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6. Information from the front this morning is to the effect that Colonel Windham, of Bayard's cavalry, had a spirited engagement yesterday at New Baltimore, with the cavalry and four pieces of artillery of the rebel force at Warrenton. Their numbers were about equal to his at the time—say 1500 strong. After a stout resistance he drove the enemy off in the direction of the main army at Warrenton.

Important from the Southwest---Gen. Grant Moving South.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 6. A dispatch from Bolivar, Tenn., 5th, to the *Democat*, says:

"Gen. Grant with several divisions of the army from this place and Coriath marched into Lagrange last night. The rebels still occupy Holly Springs, but the opinion is entertained that they will soon evacuate the place.

The rebels are about 50,000 strong at Holly Springs, and are under command of Earl Van Dorn.

If there is not a battle fought before many days, it will be because the rebels prefer running to fighting.

Pleasanton's Fight with Stuart's Cavalry---A Brilliant Success---Warrenton in our Possession.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Rectortown, Va., Nov. 6.—10 P. M.

As the particulars of the fight yesterday at Barbers become known, the more brilliant the victory is found to have been.

The battle was fought by cavalry alone, and between the best disciplined troops either army can produce. The rebels were under the command of Gen. Pleasanton.

The final result shows that the rebels left 36 dead on the field, and their wounded must have been numerous. Our loss was five killed and ten wounded.

Gen. Pleasanton today reports that Stonewall Jackson occupies Chester Gap with his command.

The town of Warrenton was occupied by our troops at three o'clock this afternoon.

GAINESVILLE, Va., Nov. 7. The corps of Gen. Reynolds, belonging to Gen. McClellan's command, took possession of Warrenton yesterday. The rebels evacuated the place without stopping to fight.

It is intensely cold to-night. This morning a snow storm commenced, the first of the season.

Railroad Communication with Nashville---Rebel Raids into Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 6. The Louisville and Nashville railroad is taking freight to Mitchellville. It is supposed the entire road will be in running order by the 14th.

The rebels are reported as having crossed from Tennessee with a large foraging train into Whitely county, Ky., to forage that country and along the Cumberland river. Steps are being taken to prevent this outrage on the loyal mountaineers, to stop the rebels from procuring subsistence in Kentucky, and to stop contraband trade in the State.

Removal of Gen. McClellan---Gen. Burnside takes Command.

NEW YORK, 9th. The *Herald's* Washington dispatch says:

Gen. Burnside has been appointed to the position occupied by McClellan, and Hooker takes his place.

The removal of McClellan caused great excitement in Washington.

HEADQUARTERS Army of Potomac,
Salem, Saturday noon, Nov. 8th.

The order relieving Maj. Gen. McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac was received at headquarters at 11 o'clock last night. It was entirely unexpected to all and therefore every one was taken by surprise on its reception. The command was immediately turned over to Gen. Burnside. Gen. McClellan and his staff will leave tomorrow for Trenton, where he is ordered to report. The order was delivered to him by Gen. Buckingham in person. His last official act was the issuing of an address to his soldiers informing them in a few words that the command had devolved on Gen. Burnside, and took an affectionate leave of them.

WASHINGTON, 9th. Maj. Gen. Hunter will, in a few days, return to the department of the South.

The first information the public received of the relief of Gen. McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac was through the telegraph published this morning. It affords a general theme of conversation, the event occurring unexpectedly. The cause of the Executive action in the premises does not appear to be known outside of official circles, and hence the absence of facts gives rise to conflicting speculations.

The friends of Gen. Hooker say he has sufficiently recovered from his wounds to resume his duties in the field.

General Fitz John Porter has been ordered to Washington to answer the charges brought against him by Gen. Pope.

Movements of the Rebels upon Nashville---Arrival of Reinforcements for its Relief.

LOUISVILLE, 8th. About 80 rebel prisoners arrived from Lebanon, Ky., to-night, including a son of Humphrey Marshall, who violated his parole and joined the rebels.

The *Democrat's* Bowling Green correspondent this morning writes that an escaped prisoner, who left Murfreesboro on Wednesday, reports that Gens. Polk and Breckenridge, with 25,000 men and considerable artillery, were on the south side of Nashville on Friday morning, while the guerrilla John Morgan was on the north side with 3000 men, who attempted to destroy a bridge there, but was repulsed. The result of Gen. Polk's attack was not known.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., 8th. Gen. McCook's army corps, comprising Generals Hill's, Woodruff's and Sheridan's divisions reached Nashville on Friday.

Gen. Crittenden's division arrived at Gallatin on Friday, and was moving down towards Nashville.

Gen. Bragg had been put under arrest and was superseded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. His failure in the Kentucky campaign, it is said was the cause of his arrest.

Nothing had been heard at Murfreesboro, which was in constant telegraphic communication with Mobile, of the capture of the latter city. There are 15,000 rebel troops at Mobile.

Advance of the Army of the Potomac to the Rappahannock.

HEADQUARTERS of Army of Potomac.
November 9th.

Gen. Pleasanton yesterday in a skirmish with Stuart near Little Washington, captured three pieces of artillery, also a Captain, Lieutenant and five privates. No loss has yet been reported.

Gen. Bayard yesterday occupied and is now holding the bridge across the Rappahannock. It is not injured.

The Successful Retreat of the Rebel Army to Gordonsville

WARRENTON, Va., 7th. The army corps of Gen. Reynolds took possession of this place yesterday unopposed. The place was occupied by Col. Payne with about 400 men and two howitzers.

Gen. Longstreet's army corps had occupied Culpepper Court House for several days, but left the town last Saturday, and it was generally reported that he would encamp on the hills south on Thursday.

Gen. A. P. Hill's command was here on Thursday, but retreated on the advance of our troops.

Reliable citizens confirm the general belief of intelligent army officers that Gen. Lee has succeeded in eluding McClellan, and that a large portion of Lee's army is at Gordonsville.

A. P. Hill's forces and Stuart's cavalry form the rear guard of Lee. The former was at Chester Gap on Wednesday, and Gen. Pleasanton had pushed Stuart to Flint Hill.

Our troops found 270 wounded rebel soldiers here in the hospitals.

Great distress prevails among the citizens here about for the necessaries of life. All the stores are exhausted of supplies, and are closed up.

Lieut. Col. Blunt of General Longstreet's staff was captured by Gen. Bayard today. Blunt is the provost marshal general in the rebel army, and was inspecting his pickets at the time he was captured.

Foreign News.

FIVE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Norwegian from Liverpool Oct. 23d, and Londonderry 24th arrived off Further Point Nov. 7th.

Great Britain.

The *Times* city article referring to the resolution contemplated by the Confederate government to collect a million bales of cotton and sell them in Europe subject to all the contingencies as to the date at which they can be shipped in, is not without importance, should the resolution be passed. There are probably many speculators who might be tempted into such a speculation, provded the margin of profit offered was very large. The writer suggests that perhaps the Confederates by means of Ovieto, and other vessels, hope to break up the blockade of Charleston or some other port, during the winter.

The Daily *News* thinks the Federal cause has never looked so much like success in its essential features. The South is almost in the last stage of exhaustion, while the North is nearly untouched in all its resources. All that European nations have to do is to await the event which must be decided by other influences than theirs.

The *Times*, of course, takes a directly opposite view, and says:

"More important than the news of battles is the fact that the New York money market has at last begun really to feel the changes which threaten the country. Without a single Confederate State conqured or likely to be, with not one cent levied yet by direct taxation at the North, and with an immense army of raw recruits to be paid their bounties, armed, clothed and supported, with a gigantic mass of materials to provide for another invasion, the Federal Government finds its paper depreciated not far from one-third its value. Although probably no invasion of Pennsylvania on a large scale is intended, the rash raid across the Potomac must impress the Federals with the conviction that their enemy is as full of spirit as ever."

The *Times* then expatiates on the interminable and indecisive battles in the West.

The Liverpool correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. Spencer, again urges mediation or recognition, on the ground that Europe cannot remain callous either to the sufferings there, or to the terror elsewhere. He thinks the contest likely to degenerate into mutual butchery, and England may then be driven to take up arms to end such an outrage on civilization.

The Daily *News* points to Mr. Sumner's speech in Boston, and its reception, as a refutation of the *Times's* arguments, that the emancipation scheme would be repudiated. It denounces the scandalous charges which have been brought against the authors and abettors of the scheme.

At a public meeting held in Oldham, a resolution was offered calling on the Government to recognize the independence of the Confederate States as the only means of ending the civil war. An amendment was offered decluring recognition as impolitic, and likely to result in a war with the North. After a long debate, and uproarious proceedings, the original motion was declared carried, although the meeting was about equally divided.

The destruction of American ships by the rebel steamer Alabama, caused an advance in the rates of insurance at Lloyds of 2 a 3 per cent. on all American ships. The advance demanded at Liverpool is even as high as five guineas per cent.

France.

It is stated that Count Persigny and Mr. Fould have consented to remain in the cabinet, the Emperor having assured them that there was nothing reactionary in his present policy respecting Italy, but that he declines to take any hurried steps with regard to Rome.

Italy.

Alarming accounts of Garibaldi's health continue. It was even rumored in Paris that he was dead. A Turin telegraph of the 22d, however, says he had been removed to Spezzia and bore the removal well. The state of his health is slightly improved, but the papers still express much apprehension.

TWO DAY LATER.

The steamer Scotia from Liverpool Oct. 25th, and Queenstown Oct. 26th, arrived at New York Nov. 8th. Lord Lyons the English Minister is among her passengers.

England.

The steamship Gladiator, at Liverpool from Bermuda, brought sundry reports as to hostile intentions of Commodore Wilkes, one statement going so far as to say that he blockaded the ports and refused to withdraw his ships on request of the Governor. He sent boats to the Gladiator, and ordered the captain to go on board of his vessel. The captain refused, saying at the time that he was under the protection of a British man of war, which runs her guns, and got ready for action. The Gladiator was then allowed to proceed. The matter attracted much attention in England. It is said that orders were issued for the immediate reinforcement of the West Indian squadron.

The Army and Navy *Gazette* infers that Lord Lyons returns to Washington without any instructions for a change of policy, except such as may be necessitated by contingencies.

The Morning *Herald* hopes that, Lord Lyons takes a message of some importance. It urges a recognition and a representation that there is a possibility of an armed intervention on the part of Europe. It thinks neutrality, upon which the Government prides itself, is the greatest cruelty to both parties.

Numerous members of Parliament have been addressing public meetings, all referring to America, but they generally refrain from urging a recognition of the South.

Mr. Cobden has addressed the Manchester Chamber of Commerce in advocacy of the abolition of commercial blockades and the seizure of private property at sea.

Glass, Elliot & Co., write to Mr. Field very hopefully of the Atlantic cable. They offer to undertake the contract on most liberal terms, and express the greatest faith in its accomplishment.

Greece

A despatch from Athens, of the 24th inst. says the garrison at Ponitza has revolted and established a provisional Goverament under the Presidency of Bulgaria.

There was a revolution in Western Greece. The revolted towns have organized a provisional government.

Latest by Telegraph.

LONDON, Sunday, 26th. King Otho, of Greece has abdicated the throne in favor of his son. A provisional government has been established.

The desposition of the Bavarian line has been proclaimed.

☞ The ship Alleghanian, from Baltimore for London, was captured by the rebels on Tuesday night, while lying at anchor in Chesapeake Bay, below the mouth of the Rappahannock. The officers were made prisoners, and the ship set on fire. A boat's crew from a U. S. mortar vessel went on board after the rebels had retired, and extinguished the flames. A portion of the crew of the Alleghanian were picked up by the steamer Daniel Webster, and have arrived at Washington. Others of the crew have arrived at Fortress Monroe. The arrival of the captain and several other officers of the ship at Richmond as prisoners, is announced in the papers of that city.

☞ The Lowell papers say that on Monday evening Julia Stone, a young woman 28 years of age, belonging in Norway, drowned herself in the Canal near the Lawrence Corporation. She had worked for some years in the mills, and since their stoppage had been employed in making soldiers' clothing at very low prices. She had been in a depressed state for some time on account of her prospects the coming winter. She was a fine young woman and of good character.

☞ The Anson *Advocate* reports the death of Mr. Samuel Wyman, at Dead River on the 29th ult., aged 81 years. Mr. Wyman was the first settler on Dead River. Thirty-nine years ago he felled a chopping, cleared a patch and sowed the seed which he had carried from the settlement eight miles below, on his back.

FROM THE 15TH MAINE. A correspondent of the Bath *Sentinel* writing from Pensacola, gives the following gratifying information in regard to the whereabouts and whatabouts of the 15th Maine regiment. After mentioning the gratification occasioned by the arrival of Gen. Neal Dow to assume command of the troops in West Florida, and the vigorous policy of confiscation adopted by him, the writer says:

"Immediately after his arrival at Pensacola, Gen. Dow dispatched an expedition under Lieut. Col. Murray of the 15th to Bagdad, 30 miles above Pensacola, to seize and confiscate rebel property. Accordingly, transported by two steamers, the expedition sailed at 10 o'clock on the evening of the 16th, arriving three miles below Bagdad at about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 17th, where the steamers anchored. Col. Murray then dispatched Lieuts. Shorey, of the Me. 15th, and Stuart, of the 91st N. Y., with 40 men, to proceed quietly, in small row-boats, to take possession of the town, and place a guard upon all the roads leading from the place, in order to prevent the escape of any of the inhabitants. The party arrived at Bagdad just before daylight, and when the inhabitants arose they found themselves snugly caged, with Yankee soldiers pacing about in their yards, protecting their property. Soon after daylight the two steamers arrived, and the town of Bagdad was "taken," without firing a gun. Three companies, under command of Maj. Drew, assisted by Acting Adjutant Whitmore, were immediately dispatched to take possession of the town of Arcada, with all its contents, and forward the valuables to Bagdad. The party left at the latter place, immediately proceeded to load the boats with elegant pianos, sofas, mirrors, and other household furniture, taking every-thing which could be brought off. One house, the proprietor of which was a prisoner at Fort Pickens, was found elegantly furnished with all the splendor which wealth could afford, and we left the house entirely vacant. Among other valuables taken at this house, was a safe containing some $20,000 in gold! The furniture taken alone at Bagdad and Arcada, could not be purchased for $35,000, and the cattle, wagons, barouches, fire-engines, &c., together with the $20,000 in gold, must swell the result of the day's reconnoissance to something like $75,000 in round figures!

The health of the 15th is good. The soldiers are much indebted to Dr. Kimball of Bridgton, Assistant surgeon. The soldiers have very comfortable quarters, nearly all living in houses. The officers all live in houses, and the disposition seems to be to make good use of all the conveniences for comfort which the runaway citizens have left us. We have the use of two churches, one of which is used for religious services, and the other as a Division Room for "Army Division, No. 1, Sons of Temperance," which is in a very prosperous condition. In addition to other religious services, a Sabbath School has been organized, of which Col. Dyer is Superintendent."

THE ENGLISH COTTON FAMINE NEARLY ENDED. The London Daily *News* of the 6th instant has the following important article, showing that the English cotton manufactures will soon be able to procure a supply of the staple independently of the American growers:

"The day was sure to arrive when the general inability to believe in a supply of cotton from other sources than the American cotton States must give way before facts. That day seems to be near at hand. At the end of last week the cargoes from India began to arrive. Upward of 10,000 bales from Bombay came in during three days, and the quanity from that port actually at sea and at Liverpool was found to be about 397,000 bales; so that Mr. Villiers, whose promises were held to be rash when he spoke of 400,000 bales, appears to be fully justified in the hopefulness of his tone. The next disclosure was that we have a prospect of supply, in 1863, of 1,630,000 out of 4,000,000, which is the largest quantity desired, at the ordinary rate of prices. This amount will be just double the quantity used per week for the last three moths; and thus it would seem that the worst must be past. At the recent high prices, the weekly average taken by the trade has been 15,278, and the promised supply, independent of any change in American affairs, will yield 31,346 bales per week. The sources of this supply are India, the Brazils, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Italy, chance cargoes from America, and 'other sources.' These 'other sources' are credited with only 20,000 bales. Considering that the West Indies are included under this head, it is reasonable to hope that the supply may turn out so have been underrated even for the coming season. The report from Jamaica are in the highest degree encouraging, both as to the flourishing condition of the growing crop and the rapid increase of the area devoted to cotton. In Guiana and Demarera the proprietors are setting heartily to work to procure the requisite labor, which may probably be supplied from the United States. Agricultural machinery of the highest order has been sent out to Porto Rico, which is expected to supply a large quantity, not less than the produce of 2000 acres, next year, and the quality of the West India cotton is declared to be scarcely short of the highest rates of American. Already we see that, as time passes on, we find ourselves under the process of being weaned from our obstinate reliance on the slave States; and from month to month we shall learn to give up the irrational hope of any settlement in America which can restore the old state of affairs."

DARING ROBBERY IN BANGOR. The Bangor *Times* states that Mr. John Wall, while returning to his room at the Franklin House a little before eight o'clock, one evening last week, and when in a dark and lonely part of Franklin St., just before reaching the bridge, was assaulted by a man from behind, and knocked down, and his pocket book was taken with $1,525 in money. He was stunned by the blow and lay for some time in the street, it being in an unfrequented part of the city. He finally succeeded in reaching his room. No clue to the robber has been discovered. The pocket book has since been found in a back yard but stripped of its contents.

☞ The following recent deaths of Maine soldiers in the army of the Potomac are reported: L. R. Kenney, 17th Me.; G. E. Crosby, 19 Me.; Sergt. T. J. Scott, 1st Me Cavalry. Among the recent deaths at the Washington Hospitals were the following from Maine: C. W. Adams, Co. I, 9th; W. M. Bishop, 5th Battery; Hiram V. Sorteiff, Co. K, 23d; E. Springer, Co. C, 18th; H. Bain, Co. D, 10th.

☞ The steamers Vanderbilt and Dacotah and the ship Ino have been despatched by the government in search of the Alabama. Commodore W. D. Porter, the gallant commander of the gunboat Essex on the Mississippi, offers to take command of the packet ship Dreadnought, superintend her outfit, and do his best to capture the Alabama.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$7 50	to 9 00	Clear Salt Pork,	9 00	to 10 00
Corn Meal,	75	to 80	Mutton,	6	to 10
Rye Meal,	1 00	to 0 00	Turkeys,	10	to 12
Wheat,	1 62	to 2 00	Chickens,	10	to 12
Rye,	80	to 85	Geese,	7	to 10
Corn,	75	to 80	Clover seed,	10	to 15
Beans,	2 00	to 2 50	Herdsgrass,	2 25	to 2 35
Oats,	42	to 45	Red Top,	75	to 80
Potatoes,	25	to 35	Hay,	8 00	to 10 00
Dried Apples,	6	to 8	Lime,	70	to 75
Cooking "	40	to 50	Fleece Wool,	45	to 55
Winter "	67	to 100	Pulled Wool,	52	to 55
Butter,	15	to 18	Sheep Skins,	1 00	to 1 25
Cheese,	8	to 10	Hides,	6	to 6½
Eggs,	10	to 12	Calf Skins,	11	to 12
Lard,	12	to 13	Lamb Skins,	75	to 1 25
Round Hog,	$5 00	to 6 00			

BRIGHTON MARKET---Nov. 6.

At market, 1800 Beeves, 550 Stores, 5100 Sheep and Lambs and 93 Swine.

PRICES—*Market Beef*—Extra $6,50; first quality $6,25; second do., $6,00; third do. $5,00.

Working Oxen—$85, 100, 123, @ $146.

Milch Cows—$48 @ $50; common $18 @ $19.

Veal Calves—None.

Yearlings—$7,00 @ 9,00; two years old, $13 @ $15; three years old $18 @ $20.

Hides—6½ @ 7c. *Calf Skins* 8 @ 9c. ℔ lb.

Tallow—Sales at 7½c @ 7¾c ℔ lb.

Pelts—$1 @ 1 25.

Sheep and Lambs—$2,00 @ $2,50; extra 2,75, @ 3 50.

Spring Pigs—Wholesale, 4c; retail, 5 @ 6c.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight, agreed on by the parties, varying from 28 to 34 ℔ cent.

Remarks—The supply of Beef Cattle is very large this week, which caused a decline of about 25c ℔ 100 lbs. on all qualities Sheep and Lambs sold at last week's prices. Swine are firm at last week's prices.

BOSTON MARKET....Nov. 8.

Flour—The market is steady but quiet for Flour, and the sales have been at $5,75 @ $6,25 for Western superfine; $6,50 @ $6,75 for common extras; $7,25 @ $7,50 for medium do.; and $7,75 $9,50 for good and choice brands, including favorite St. Louis.

Corn—Western mixed, 70 @ 75c, per bushel.

Oats—Western and Canada, 43 @ 51c ℔ bushel.

Rye—90c ℔ bushel.

Hay—Sales of Eastern at $15½ @ $16.

Wool—Fleece and pulled Wool, 58 @ 65c ℔ lb.

NEW YORK MARKET.....Nov. 10.

Flour—State and Western continues active but no decided change in price. Superfine State $5,95 a $6,00; extra do. $6.15 a 6,35; round hoop Ohio $6,95 a $7,00; super Western $5,35 a $6.50; Southern unchanged—mixed to good $6.75 a $6,95; fancy and extra $7,20 a $9,00; Canada favors buyers—extra $6,25 a $8,00.

Wheat opened dull and 1 a 2 cents lower—Chicago spring $1,21; Milwaukie club $1 @ $1 23; red winter western $1 29 @ $1,33; Canada club 1 10 @ $1 17.

Corn 1 a 2c higher—mixed western 71c @ 74c.

Special Notices.

LIST OF DOCT. GIFFORD'S HOMŒOPATHIC CURATIVES
PHILIP LEE, Proprietor.
Depot, No. 136 William street, New York.

No. 1—Cures Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation.
2—Cures Worm Fever.
3—Cures Colic Teething, Slow Growth, and Feebleness of Infants.
4—Cures Diarrhea.
7—Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness.
8—Cures Nervous Affections
9—Cures Headache.
10—Cures Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Acidity, and Weak Stomach.
11—Cures Suppressed Menses
12—Cures Leucorrhea, or Whites.
13—Cures Croup.
14—Cures Salt Rheum.
15—Cures Rheumatism.
17—Cures Piles, Internal or External.
18—Cures Ophthalmia, weak or Inflamed Eyes, or Eyelids.
19—Cures Catarrh, Acute or Chronic, Dry or flowing, Cold in the head, Influenza.
20—Cures Whooping Cough.
22—Cures Ear Discharges, Noise in the head, Im, aired Hearing.
23—Cures Scrofula, Enlarged Glands and Tonsils.
24—Cures General Debility.
27—Cures Urinary Diseases.
28—Cures Seminal Emissions, Involuntary Discharges, and consequent Prostration and Debility.
30—Cures Urinary Incontinence, Wetting the bed.
34—Cures Biliousness, as Want of Appetite, Lowness of spirits, Jaundice, Constipation, and Liver Complaints.
38—Cures Chronic Coughs.

The Boxes are neatly put up, and contain about sixty large Medicated Sugar Pills, with full directions for taking, accompanying them, price 25 cents, or five boxes for $1. Vial Cases, which are of Morrocco, contain 15, 20, 30, or 40 Vials—prices, $4, $5, $7, $9.

The Symptoms of Disease, and Method of Treatment, are given in a Manual accompanying the Medicine, or which will be furnished *free* on application.

☞ Address all orders to PHILIP LEE, 136 William street, New York, inclosing the price, in bank-note or postage stamps, and the Curatives will be sent to any part of the country, *free* of charge. Or they can be had of F. W. KINSMAN, Augusta, Agent, at the above prices. 1y1

The Greatest Improvement of the Age is the MAGIC LOTION.

It will stop the nervous and sun headache.
It will cure Neuralgia pains in 15 minutes.
It will strengthen the spine.
It will cure the Rheumatism.
It will stop a cough.
It is the best medicine for coughs and colds and pains in the stomach ever invented—cures Dyspepsia and strengthens the whole system. It is recommended by some of the members of the Legislature in Augusta, and many of the M. Ds throughout the country.

H. H. HAY, wholesale agent, Portland, Me.
DR. E. C. BOWKER, Boston, Mass.
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Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay &c; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, SINGLE COPIES may be had of the author,
NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford,
1y13 Kings county, N. Y.

☞ If you love *pure, delicious Honey*, don't fail to read the advertisement in another column, headed Honey! Honey!

Married.

In Augusta, Oct. 31st, by Rev. Charles Egan, John Kelley to Mary Kelley; Nov. 2d, by the same, Michael Clancy to Catharine Donovan, all of Augusta.
In Turner, Capt. Chas. M. Davis of Portland, to Mrs. Mary Huff of Turner.
In Searsport, William A. Dickey to Helen M. Black.
In Portland, William A. Aiken to Louise Libbey.
In Alfred, Samuel H. Sargent to Lizzie A. Roberts.
In Pembroke, George D. Cossebom to Laura M. Page.
In Eastport, Oliver Holman, U. S. A., to Georgiana Lambert.
In Belfast, Alonzo R. Fletcher to Malvina Knowlton.
In Rockport, E. L. Buzzell to Helen C. Emery, both of Belfast.
In Ellsworth, James C. Frazier to Sarah J. Moor.
In Hancock, Capt. Isaiah Wooster to Miriam S Hill.
In Bluehill, Francis Cousins to Mary A. Robertson.
In Lincoln, Geo. H. Statton to Susan A. Estes.
In Cushing, Samuel Smith to Francesca Kelleran.

Died.

In Augusta, Oct. 30th, Betsey B., wife of Gilman Turner, aged 55 years.
In Portland, Joshua Richardson, Esq., aged 83 years.
In Alfred, Henry M. Ferguson, aged 39 years.
In Phipsburg, Mrs. Jane Sylvester, aged 84 years
In Lewiston, Margaret H., wife of Benj. Farrow, aged 38 yrs.
In Saco, widow Mary Crosby, aged 64 years
In Brunswick, Moses A. Graves, aged 52 years.
In Bangor, Samuel Jones, Esq., aged 83 years.
In Dexter, Andrew Scavey, aged 64 years.
In Lincoln, Mrs. Arabella B. Heath, aged 23 years.
In Rockland, Sally Fillsbury, aged 68 years.
In St. George, Mrs. Mary, widow of Capt. Alexander Gilchrest, aged 62 years.

SHEEP FOR SALE.

I have for sale a few Full Blood Cotswold Bucks and Ewes from the best imported English stock. Also about twenty-five Bucks half-blood Cotswold, a cross with different blood Ewes, the Leicester, Merino, South Downs, and other blood Ewes. Any one wishing to improve their stock of sheep, can have a good chance to select at a bargain by calling soon.
HARVEY BANCROFT.
Byron, Oct. 23d, 1862. 6w48

NOTICE.

The subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to the inhabitants of China and vicinity, that during his absence as Surgeon of the 31st Regiment, he has secured the services of DR. BENJ. L. TIBBETTS, who may be found at my

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

THE QUIET EYE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The orb I like is not the one
That dazzles with its lightning gleam;
That dares to look upon the sun,
As though it challenged brighter beam.
That orb may sparkle, flash, and roll;
Its fire may blaze, its shafts may fly;
But not for me: I prize the soul
That slumbers in a quiet eye.

There's something in its placid shade
That tells of calm, unworldly thought;
Hope may be crowd'd, or joy delayed,
No dimness steals, no ray is caught;
Its pensive language seems to say,
"I know that I must close and die,"
And death itself, come when it may,
Can hardly change the quiet eye.

There's meaning in its steady glance,
Of gentle blame or praising love,
That makes me tremble to advance
A word that meaning might reprove
The haughty threat, the fiery look,
My spirit proudly can defy,
But never yet could meet or brook
The upbraiding of a quiet eye.

There's firmness in its even light,
That anger of a breast sincere;
And, oh! take watch how ye excite
That firmness till it yield a tear.
Some heavens give an easier sigh,
Some drops of grief will freely start;
But that which scares the quiet eye,
Hath its deep fountain in the heart.

Original Story.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

TWO OR THREE
CHAPTERS OF LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

The two stood upon a high rock, looking to the west where the sun was going down behind the Catskill mountains amid fires of crimson and gold; and they stood before the blended light in their unconscious transfiguration, silent as marble figures blushing in the stained light of a cathedral. The pressure of the day had fallen off in their vigorous ascent of the cliff, and each soul was dilating in that mystic sense of infinity which sometimes visits mortals; a sense of God's infinity, which the soul reflects as a wayside pool reflects the immeasurable blue above it. Mabel spoke, repeating several stanzas from that grand poem, "The Last Man"—pausing with the line, "The skeletons of nations were around that lonely one;" and Agnes said, "What will life be to us? Far and wide we see the homes in which life is a dusty, tiresome footrace for bread—will it be so with us?"

"No, we are of different earth, or as old Parson Clog might render it, "vessels of wrath fitted to destruction;" but, soberly, Agnes, this hour suggests to me the question you have spoken. You have a love of elegance in every form, a pride in social power; which last I have not. I am not sufficiently fair to figure as a Queen of Hearts, and I cannot feel the magic which is in gold; but in the gift of fame I see the crown of crowns. Oh, Agnes! if I have power to write the things I dream, this proud earth shall hear of me!"

Agnes looked dreamily into that eager face and said perhaps more tenderly than one could speak to a mountain crest: "Mabel you are magnificent." There was a silence and Agnes continued in an altered voice, "We are so different! You tell me I do not lack for what you call character—yet the things you see with an eye of worship I see through with a different emotion. I believe no woman's life is true to nature's plan, save as her affections balance other powers, which should follow that as stars their center. The dictionary can stand contented till it turns to ashes upon the library shelf—but you cannot make a book of your soul. The sun is left when his light has filled the earth."

"I shall have friends."

"Friends for lovers—Leah for Rachel! You may serve seven years and win fame, and you will find her charmless as Leah, and like Jacob you will be willing to serve seven more for your ideal."

"Do I forfeit love by making it a way station, and the goal farther on?"

"That depends much upon other conditions. If you set your face and your philosophy like two flints against these qualities which men naturally love in women, no strong man will love you, though weak ones may dangle in your train with that sort of hero worship which is normal only in woman."

"Qualities men love in women! Doesn't every noble man love a woman for her intellect, her soul, her superiority, in some way?"

"The Lord may; but my dear fool, man will not require thy soul of thee."

"Well then, Oracle, what will he require?"

First, that you meet his sense of beauty; secondly, that you do not know too much—and finally that your every thought bears the impress of your sex as truly as does your face. Then there will be in your presence the mystery of power which God gave woman—the power by which true women incite men to honor, and by which Delilahs still ruin Sampsons."

"Mystery of power! What cant! it ought to be said with a nasal twang. I choose to *know* my power, or study the Black Art."

"The power you have you *will* know. The power you have not will be the "mystery," and so men named it that."

"Now Agnes I want the kernel of that nut, I should regard the marrying of Lord Somebody as my main hope in life. You spoke of Jacob's bargain, what do you think of Esau's?"

"Your deductions are fanciful enough, Mabel. I speak of human nature as I see it."

"Speak on."

"Not now. I am three years older than you. If the lapse of that time doesn't teach you what I mean, then I will."

* * * * * * * * *

MOOR FARM, June.

DEAR MABEL:—Thou hast not forgotten "the tender grace of the day that is dead." Two years have fled since that bright summer when you were dreaming beneath your morning stars, your hopes flushing in the break of life's earnest day. The king of terrors has left me desolate, an orphan, poor and alone. I came here of late, a stranger. There are two time-worn servants in this great lonely manse, and my companion is my uncle. If I make his days better perhaps 'tis well. Since my remembrance, as I've seen him now and then, I've marked the soul looking out from his keen eyes, like a watcher at a casement; every year growing sterner and wearier, and not always with a patient weariness. The wine of his youth is changed to vinegar, and now he sits infirm and old by his somber hearth, like a stone at the door of a sepulchre. May it be mine some day to taste the peace of Lethe or the bliss of Eunoe.

This morning earth's beauty was a joy to me. The wooded western hills rose up aglow from the sun in the east. A few white slender clouds, like spirits of the border land, raised their pure shapes between the blue above and the tender green below. How strange it seems after hours of mechanical toil, as it were of nothingness, to lift a curtain and give one earnest look into the broad realms of earth and air. It is a quick uncaging of the soul. Would Niagara seem to me now as it would have seemed years ago? Answer me my heart! Then I saw the show of life, and human natures were atoms in the universe, to throb out their emotional hour, then pass to the hereafter. Now I know much of that world of human spirits hidden from the inexperienced by a veil as impenetrable as that which bars the mortal from the immortal.

Not in the thunder of waters could I drown the echo of those resolute voices which have spoken in my soul, as I faced the messages of life. Not in the silver glory of the mist could I utterly forget the faded beauty, the gaunt old age of emotions in which I once could have visited it. Is the fire of my soul turning to ashes? Answer that again my heart! No; I have not ceased to adore the entrancing beauty which my soul can picture in the life of man and the universe of God. But there are many things which borrow the "livery of heaven," and not yet far enough behind me have I left the deceitful things from which I have seen it fall, to forget them as they were; and I carry at times that mournfulness in which we bury our dead. In stronger hours I know that of life's hope and beauty I have only buried the dust. I shall yet behold them in a "diviner air."

I am your AGNES.

SEASIDE, June 6.

Poor Agnes!—my heart is sad for you to-day, tho' I know you are growing brave and good in your shadowy path. I fear from these lines you will catch a false impression and feel a lack of sympathy, for Oh! I am so happy by this bright, breezy, dreary sea. I have not yet learned with Byron the "rapture on the lonely shore," for I am not alone.

You know I came here to write, and do you know the rest? I have met a reality before which the old thoughts of life have paled their tints. Would you were happy these

"golden eves when he and I
Sit watching here the flashing sky,
The sunset and the sea."

You and your uncle are two human beings among those silent hills; and we are two, my friend and I, by this summer sea.

I care not for the stranger throng. They are as phantoms in my Eden whom I see not before my king. Agnes, I have found my crown of crowns, and not in fame. Henceforth life's clouds will have a "silver lining" and its darkness will be fringed with gold.

Can it all be life? Some ask for bread and receive stones—for fish and are given serpents. To some young lips are held the dregs of another's life cup, while others quaff at the sweet brim.

Ah! well, it is God's wisdom.

June 12. This morning my friend and I were out early to walk while a mist was on the water. We were climbing ragged terraces of black powerful rocks, which left in the mind a dim terrific sense of the day and the power of their creation. I did not like the mist; its chill penetrated me; and in its heavy dimness a few birds whirred almost against me as I stood in the lee of a crag. Presently it was brighter. A clear fair space of widening water was visible below us. The mist began to glow and burn beyond it like a wall of crystal city. The waves grew broad and bright, and suddenly with the silent swiftness of a mighty phantom, a ship with all sails spread glided out of the mist across the water and disappeared again.

The oddity of the scene fixed upon me an unwonted silence, and I believe I was really nervous. Presently Leicester turned and said to me "You are shivering with cold," and I replied, "No not with cold." "With what then?" said he, searchingly, and taking both my hands in his he looked through my eyes into my soul and talked of a future, when we would stand amid the relics of the Cæsars, and look down upon Italy from the Alps. He has been in Italy, and I've heard him speak of an Italian girl whom I am sure he loved once. While he spoke I felt an evil impulse and I answered coldly, "Perhaps we shall meet in Italy." At the words his brow contracted quickly as if with pain, and regarding me a moment silently he said in an empty tone, "I do not understand." I laughed and replied, "You do not! I am thinking of that lustrous Italian—love number one—perhaps I shall remember the poor child long after you have forgotten love number two."

I said it wickedly and when it was said I would have given worlds to take it back. I felt that I knew not all I had done and I brought home in my heart a dreary instinct of evil.

There was a proud unbroken pain in all his face, which haunts me with more than pain this starry shadowy night, and like a knell tolling in my brain runs o'er and o'er the lines,

"Some flowers of Eden ye still inherit
But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

He has not been here to-day.

June 15. I should have sent this before, I am too negligent. Leicester came next morning, not early, and ere he came all pride was subdued in me. I held out both my hands to meet him and my eyes overran with tears. He folded me in his arms and I was happy. Since that hour I have loved him with a more subdued tenderness. He has given me a beautiful oil painting of a moonlight scene on the Lake of Geneva. I have chosen to make few acquaintances here, but he is known to a large circle.

He needs not to court women—he can command them. Last night I attended a ball with him, and witnessed the beauty and fashion of this resort in a full parade. There were some older women in the yellow leaf of beauty, who seemed not to know it, and others who looked as if weary of a masquerade. There were some men fine and finished as statuary; some with the 'villanous low brow;' and some who seemed to act a part, as if 'their thought was with the heart, and that was far away;' but the mass of both sexes were joyous and light hearted. You know I have been reared in other life than that; perhaps the seeming I brought from the strong airy hills of home told it to others as well as to me.

I wore my hair in curls, with a wreath of white pearls around my head, festooned at a few points with small half opened crimson roses set in green leaves. I wore a long full white lace robe without trimmings and a white tissue scarf embroidered with a satin rose vine of fresh leaves and brilliant blossoms.

After the ceremonies of introduction it was a long while before I spoke with Leicester. I hardly dared look at him, and yet I felt he saw me all the time. Once I was secreted in the recess of a window near the door.

At a distance in the long room stood Leicester. His eye which looked a power of second sight was scanning the crowd for something which I knew he saw not. By him stood a woman whom I named Sultana. Voluptuous, orient in form and spirit, in the light of those dark, luminous, changeful eyes I knew a common heart would be as tinder in the focus of a burning glass. Did she love him? Could he help loving her? And for a moment I felt my hope consuming in the blaze of superiority.

I went out upon the gravelled garden walks, where the moonlit air embalmed me with its peace. Moments sped quickly and I heard distant voices. I turned aside into the deep shadow of some tall flowering shrubbery. They came nearer and I recognized Leicester and the Sultana. As they passed, her voice, in which several chords of passion were almost fiercely blended into one harmony of sound—her voice said, "Tomorrow, I start for France."

"Ah!" he asked "Is not that a new thought?"

After a moment's pause she answered, "You and I were friends, but you are changed."

"No. I am not changed at all." Again like the first notes of a sirocco that voice said "You love Mabel Sydney."

"And need that mar our friendship," he asked, in a voice which must have fallen upon her heart like ice upon fire.

Perhaps in that instant the mist of feeling cleared and let the thought take shape before her, that she had been the active party in weaving that net, in which her heart was become a disappointed captive. Yet had not his smile, his manner, measured out day by day in her life the shining chord with which she wove it? Her hand dropped from his arm, and a haughty bow was as an only ripple marking the spot where that acquaintance dropped like a stone down into the sea of their lives.

She was gone, and Leicester came up the walk to the trees which embowered me in the cold shadow of their silvered leaves, and holding out his hand said "Mabel." I did not answer, and taking a step nearer, his tall powerful figure borrowing additional grandeur in the moonlight, he said with a voice of indescribable tenderness, "Come to me, Mabel." As I stepped forward he took my hand and we walked in silence to the house. He hardly left me after that. When we reached my home here and he bade me good bye, he stood a moment in thought, then turning back, he bent over me and said, "I am a man of the world, Mabel, yet I trust not the chief of sinners. I have known the loves and friendships of the world; but you have unsealed secret and sacred fountains of love in my spirit. Mabel, I love you with every emotion and every power which can make man's love valuable to woman."

As I write, those sweet words are chiming with my pulses. Dear Agnes write soon to me.

MABEL.

CHAPTER II.

"There rides Miss Sydney and how pale she is!" The two women hastened nearer to to the window as the swift horse bore his pale rider past. "She usually has color." "Then you know her! I must confess a curiosity. I did not hear of her until this term of High School. My daughter mentioned her as a fine scholar—a stranger—and as possessing a manner peculiarly finished, for one so young."

"Perhaps I can tell you nothing to satisfy your curiosity. I only know her as a neice of Mrs. Stephen Ware—you remember their house and grounds in the west end of the city. Miss Sydney's mother Mrs. Ware's elder sister, died a year ago; and the Wares seeing a strong resemblance between Miss Syndey and their deceased daughter have requested her to make her home with them, where she lives as an own child. Her father is engaged in some geological surveys in South America, I believe."

An hour later than the above conversation Mrs. Ware looked out over the glowing leaves of the shrubbery in the lawn toward the fiery autumnal sunset and missing Mabel's greeting in the drawing-room she sought her in her apartments.

"Mabel you are ill to-night!" "No, I am only tired, very tired." There was something in that simple utterance which seemed to measure out a long distance between the speaker and the hearer. It told of a sorrow fully conscious that it must tread the wine press alone. Human sympathy might come like distant music to one in chains; but that deep weary pain must hold its fated course.

Mrs. Ware sat down. As one would feel in the dark for a thread of guidance, she began: "Where did you go this afternoon?"

"I went to finish my sketch from that knoll under the elms which we visited last week." "Did you meet any one there?" "Yes, I looked up suddenly and saw a tall stranger dressed in black and his face was masked." "You were frightened!" "No for he spoke at once and I felt myself in an honorable presence, besides, old Victor was bristling at my feet hoping for a battle." There was a long silence and Mrs. Ware spoke in a voice tender as a mother's. "Can you not tell me Mabel, what has affected you so sadly?"

Yes. There is a secret between us which must be told. Dear Aunt, sit closer to me!" and shading her eyes with her tremulous hand, Mabel went on.

"One year ago last April, just at the close of my eighteenth year, I met Elmer Leicester. The following summer we were much in each other's society, and I loved him.

Until then, I knew not the meaning of that word which faith and hope have made immortal. Perhaps I did not distinguish enough between his real nature and the inspiration his love was to me. Life expanded above my soul in mystic radiant arches filled with joy and all perfections. Now I believe they are not for earth. It may be they are the earth-tinted visions of a higher life which the soul takes in from the most exalted summit of its human experience. We were together day after day.

He had read much—travelled much, in England, in Italy and Switzerland. I had heard him speak of an Italian girl whom I fancied he once loved. One afternoon toward the last of summer we went to a hill side, half grassy—half mossy, and dotted with shade trees. It overlooked the beach, the islands and the shining sea. I went to sketch the scene. I sat upon a stone and worked—while softly in upon my senses fell the sound of voices on the shore, and the gentle break of waves upon the sand. He sat a little way off, turning over the stern pages of an old Roman tragedy.

At last I stood up to rest, and saw him asleep with his head upon a turf. I went to him in sport, to sprinkle a handful of leaves upon his face. It was very warm, and his cravat was tied more loosely than usual—his head was turned to one side in his sleep, and as I bent forward, I saw a glimpse of a fine chain, almost a thread of gold, low down upon his neck.

I felt amused to see that tiny ornament so quietly hidden there: and cautiously, for fear of waking him, I raised it on my finger—and drew out a locket of gold; as I turned it in my hand it opened—and I saw the picture of a face, whose foreign loveliness told me its name. On the plate which covered it was written "Leonora Galtana." I had heard him call her Leonora; I had forgotton the other name. I laid it down close under his chin and went back to my seat. I finished my drawing almost without seeing it, and as I gave the last touches he came and spoke to me. From that hour was a lengthening shadow between us; if he devined the cause it was not named. He came to my home as usual—he invited me to ride and to walk—but his manner was grown sadly tender and almost coldly kind. No allusions to the future were made by either one. If I met him with my resentful thought in my face his expression left with me a sorrowful reproach. I know he had a strangely proud unbending nature. Though unspoken, I had felt more as I knew him more, that perfect faith was his first requisition of my love, and yet I know not that he put more faith in me than man commonly puts in woman. To doubt him was my perjury—yet it did not seem like the selfish anger of a base man seeking to crush down the reproaches of a woman he was wronging, because he wished no restraint on his license in evil—but rather an intense pride in an honorable man, who even when appearances accused him, desired that Cæsar should be above suspicion! Had he been almost godlike in the scathing power of a just vengeance, I could have knelt before him, but that haughty, almost sullen exaction of my overtasked faith, which facts, not words, presented, held me in painful silence.

Did he expect me to look upon his coldness with the mysterious awe of a Hindoo upon the god who furnishes! And yet I felt his love beneath that stony surface; I could almost hear its beat. What if the water in the rock were freezing! It *had* been to me a draught which left no thirst. Oh! my 'dead past bury thy dead!'

One day I received a letter from my father. He and my mother were in Ohio and she was sick. I left that night. With my landlady I left a farewell note for Leicester. It contained nothing of importance. I did not state the cause, or the place of my going; and I went as one who had turned his back upon the sun forever. Since then we have been to each other as the dead are to the living, until to day.

"You have seen Leicester," said the bated voice of little Mrs. Ware, who though she had forgotten much of the emotion which distinguished her girlhood from a later period, could readily see that Mabel's hero was very different from Stephen, good, even-souled man, who did not trouble himself about even the politics of Italy, and who was nearly always in tune with the common natures, and common events of life.

"I have seen him, when he had said all his assumed character would permit, he drew off his mask and spoke in the old voice. I know that he too, has suffered. He said there was a time for silence and that had passed—a time for speech and that had come. He is coming here to-night, and now dear Aunt, I want to be alone."

The gay lamps were lighted and the long mirrors shone back to them. A low fire glowed in the grate, for the evenings in the year were becoming chill. A few rich pictures marked here and there the walls, like beauteous faces looking out of vacancy; among them the scene from Genevra. Did not Elmer Leicester regard it with many memories, as he sat there alone, in the subdued joy of one who had found his treasure after the rust had visited it.

Mabel came in through the half-open door, and they stood face to face in silence. Each heart was full of an enchanted past, an uncertain present. Had they been lower in the scale of being, perhaps a reconciliation had not been necessary; as it was, each nature was strung to the fine, subtile harmonies of life—and humanly imperfect. Did they not begin to know other from a different point of view, that the paths of love were straight and narrow, leading to the green lands and still waters of the everlasting? That its blossoms of spiritual joy were easily withered, that they died when their roots were transplanted to the thorny gardens of human selfishness?

Leading Mabel to a seat beside him, Leicester took up the thread of conversation where it was dropped at the elms.

"You say you have been here nearly a year."

"I have."

"And you have not been happy?"

"I did not say so."

"Need the Ethiopian declare his skin, or the leopard his spots?"

"Can he change them?"

"He need not choose them."

"I did not choose my sorrow."

"Neither did I choose mine; but in this strange hour of our lives, Mabel, let me tell you the story of a friend in whom I am interested."

"Shall I see in it the moral of your own? You know the souls of tried friends answer to each other, as face to face in water."

"So you say. But the story, shall I tell it?"

"Yes," and a nervous shiver passed through her frame. Almost ere she knew it she was again folded to that heart which had shown her the ecstacy of joy and the refinement of misery, and as a child listens to reproof after forgiveness she heard the story.

"My friend was an orphan early in life and an only child. Hidden and proud of spirit, intensely capable of love, he loved but few and asked the love of few back again.

He had servant, friend and master, but his soul grew up alone. Yet strange though it seem to you, sweet woman-child, there was not a chill, a stifling, a miasma in all the airs of being which he could not feel. There was not a perfection or a harmony which did not thrill upon that deep-rooted, scant-blossoming life.

He was an American by birth. I knew him in Italy, 'a stranger in a strange land,' broken in health. He was the guest of a good cottager and his wife, whose only son he had known in America. 'God's lincage is not of blood' and their son was one of Nature's princes. Once known he could never be forgotten. Educated for the priesthood, he became a protestant, and America was the land of his adoption. Their only daughter, a sweet singing child of a land of song, the betrothed of a young brave man, became a happy bride, ere all the long months had passed which visited my friend with disease and suffering. A year later his wanderings by the Mediterranean over, on the day when he left Genoa, the young wife hung upon his neck her picture, charging him to seek her brother, and give it to him as a token of love from the land, and almost the cradle, of his youth.

He brought to this land a bright remembrance of his little pledge to those who had been faithful and tender in the day of trouble.

The nature of the boy had ripened into the character and perhaps the peculiarities of the man. His soul was cold amid the flow of that burning draught of life which fashionable women have named triumph—in whose cup so many have dissolved their pearls of price to shallow sensuous Antonys. And then there came a dream. The brave old Spaniard ploughing the trackless highway to a new world could reason that the half of earth he knew must have its balance. The voyager on life's main coasting by the silent shores of his future, feeling the incompleteness of being, dreaming rich thrilling dreams of those unknown powers, which, added shall complete the sphere—he too may reach the goal of his search—and then in the long afterwards may bide in loneliness like that old brave a bitter sense of wrong. My friend had a vision of a nature which was to be a fountain of joy springing up in all his after life—a nature rich as midsummer in the tropics, and yet too pure and tender to wound the finest sensibility of soul. There came a shining day of summer, and after it the sun shone as usual on the good and the evil; the rain fell as usual on the just and the unjust; but in the soul of my friend was a lonely darkening night. Two months later by chance he met Galtana at a railway station. He told him of his return from Italy in the early spring before, and gave him the innocent but ill-starred picture of Leonora. Galtana had completed his studies, and with a prestige of genius and eloquence had accepted a professorship in the theological university in B——. I received a letter from him to-day."

There was a long silence, and Mabel with her face hid upon his shoulder murmured:

"Oh, Leicester! you should not have asked me to be more than human, my peace was broken, and I should have been dear to you as a wife."

"You are now," said the deep, tender voice which could stir her heart to its depths. There mingled in Mabel's dreams that night, visions of a gala day, and a crown of orange blossoms.

* * * * *

CHAPTER III.

It was a warm, delicious day in early October, brilliant as only October days can be. Leicester sat in Mr. Ware's library, half reading, half musing, when he heard Mabel's quick step on the stairs, and looked up in time to hear her say, "Now sir, away with books; we are all going to the mountain."

"And who are 'we all?'"

"Why, you and I, Uncle Stephen and Aunt Ellen. Don't you want to go on horseback? The rest of us would like to, and he is going to take the hounds out just for an airing, you know."

He sat with his eyes bent on the floor, and his chin resting on his hand. Mabel stood waiting a moment, then spoke again. "A penny sir, for that 'bachelor's reverie!'"

"Sit down a moment, Mabel. I suppose the mountain will be there, if you delay a little." Then looking at her, he said slowly, "You promised to-morrow for our wedding day."

"Yes, sir, I have remembered it."

"And you recollect too, when you saw Galtana during the trip to B——, you expressed a wish that he should officiate as clergyman at our marriage. I thought Mrs. Ware shared in that desire. I mentioned it to him, and he promised to be here to-morrow. I have just received a note from him, dated in this city, at the Winburne Hotel. Unforeseen events required his presence in this city, last night. He is at leisure this afternoon, and will be obliged to leave for B—— to-night."

"Then he has disappointed us!"

"Need it be so? Mabel, I have a plan now to propose. Last week I made a solitary visit to that tent on old Mt. Trinity. Not far from that, perhaps you are familiar with all the ground, is one of the loveliest spots I ever visited. I mean that little table land, half way up the mountain side, with the wall of trees to the north, and the little brook coursing through it. Its southern edge commands a broad view of the near pleasant landscape, with the city in the distance, and beyond that the dimly twinkling ocean. Mabel, let us invite Galtana with us, and go there this afternoon. In that aisle of nature, under a dome loftier and lovelier than St. Peter's, let us be made one."

There was something pleasing to Mabel in those associations, and busily that forenoon her kind friends made preparations for the bridal. Galtana came there to dine. He had one of those calm, self-centered presences, whose silence is more powerful than common speech—a presence which could awe the shameless—hush discordant passions without visible effort, making one feel his deep, serene power not only to "rule his own spirit," but "take the city" also.

The sun hung half way between the zenith and his place of setting. His beams softened from their midsummer heat, fell upon the uncovered heads of the little party, while the twain were pledging those mutual vows which could only lose their sacred force when Death should separate them. Above them was the blue sky, tender in its silvery haze, its northern range hidden behind the tall, gray summit of the mountain. Around them were the lights and colors of Autumn, brilliant and holy, sad and fascinating. There was the low, indescribable hum of life in Nature. Above it ran the slow, fragrant whisper of the west wind in the woods; and higher still the mellow, rolling laugh of the brook, dancing and shining across the level to run its winding way down to the plain. Each one there knew in his own way, the checkered character of life, but in that place and hour its temptations, and its turmoils seemed far away, as the chaos of the earlier world.

Oh! if the new made husband and wife could but have carried the spirit of that hour down to earth and through it to the end! Man of the world! woman of fashion! Sneer at that thought. Will it not be true in our lives, as in the lives before us, that in many senses our age will circle round toward our youth? In the noon of life, man derides the ideas and emotions of his younger and weaker days. Instead of feeling with a sadness he treats reverently, that he has almost lost sight of the clear beautiful copy, from which he began to write the pages of his life,—he ridicules that beginning. The saintly forms of Love and Hope and Beauty are hidden in life's furnace flames of worldly ambition, necessity, triumph and trial.

But when the 'grasshopper becomes a burden' and those fires burn low, his angels stand again before him without the smell of fire upon their garments. Then perhaps he may entreat them across an impassable chasm, with the vain agony of Dives.

"What God has joined together let no man put asunder," said the solemn, yet happy voice of Galtana, and the service was finished. An hour after, while wending their merry way to the carriages, Galtana by the other side of Leicester, Mabel heard him say in answer to a question, "I left those volumes three weeks ago at Moor Farm."

"At Moor Farm! Have you been there?" said Mabel eagerly.

"I have," he answered with a faint, peculiar light in his countenance. Perhaps his look was faith, certainly it was to Mabel an "evidence of things not seen." Then he added, "Have you friends there?"

"I have one, Agnes Lelande."

They had reached the carriages, and in the first moment of opportunity, Mabel asked Leicester, "Do Agnes and Galtana love each other?"

He answered with a smiling, tantalizing air or mystery, as much as to say, "There is something which cannot be told."

The happy days went on, and they were at the eve of starting on their bridal tour to England and the continent, when a letter came from Agnes dated at Niagara:

DEAR MABEL:—I know you will forgive me for keeping my secret from you. It was no whim of mine, only I thought it best. My marriage day was not far from yours—less unique, but perhaps none the less joyous. Six months since my uncle died, kindly giving me the old homestead, "Moor Farm." He laid down the burden of life at last like a child, who, in perfoming a long, unwilling task has been wearied into submission, and made glad to rest on the parental bosom. I have had my share of sorrow for my years, but it has fitted me for a surer peace, and a more perfect joy.

You have seen my husband, and I need not say that I am happy. I hope we shall meet often in years to come, for Leicester is dear to him, almost as a brother. I am in haste; I shall send a long letter soon. As ever, yours, AGNES.

Philips, Oct., 1862. L. C. B.

USES OF TRANSPARENT MICA.

In Paris, mica has lately been applied for preserving, silvering and gilding decorations in churches and public buildings. The mica is first cut to the desired thickness with a knife, and is then coated with a thin layer of isinglass diluted in water, and the gold or other substance is applied, after which it is allowed to dry. A pattern of copper, with a design cut on it, is then placed on the reverse side of the mica and the superfluous parts are removed. The colors are then applied in one or several coats, and the whole afterward coated with a solution of isinglass and diluted alcohol, by which the mica is rendered pliable. When this is affected, the mica is applied to the object, which is coated with glue or other adhesive material, and allowed to become compartively dry, after which the surface is made smooth by rubbing it gently with an agate burnishing tool. The value of mica depends on the size of the sheets and their transparency; the clear, suby tinged being the finest, and the cloudy grey the least valuable.—*Scientific American.*

☞ An absent wife is thus advertised for: "Jane, your absence will ruin all. Think of the children, your husband, your parents. Return, return; all may be well. At any rate enclose the key of the cupboard where the gin is."

☞ "What did you give for that horse, neighbor?" "My note." "Well, that *was* cheap."

Family Fireside Talk.

TIT FOR TAT.

"Girls ain't anybody!" With which sage remark Walter and his cousin Edward vanished up the garret stairs. Little Sue gave one disappointed look after them, and then sat right down upon the floor, pulled her apron over her face, and cried.

"Now, Sue Priest, you little silly! before I'd cry for them! I guess we can get along without their help!" and Annie prevailed upon her little cousin to come down to the dining-room, where she began telling a most wonderful story. The tears had been sometime dry, when the door behind them opened, and a cheery voice said, "Who wants a sleighride?" The two girls turned around quickly, and there was Uncle James. They could just see the twinkle of his eyes through the very narrow space between his fur cap and muffler. The shaggy great coat was buttoned up to his chin.

"O, Uncle James!" and both sprang toward him.

"Yes, I'm Uncle James; but the question is, who wants a ride? Should you find it a very great trial to go, Sue?" and putting his hands under the little girl's arm, he gave her such a toss that her head touched the ceiling.

"O, no sir! I'm so glad! Wont it be nice? I like you very much, Uncle James!"

"Indeed!" Well, bundle up, Miss Midget, for it isn't summer. Put on all you've got in the wrapper line. Ah, by the way, I suppose there are a couple of scapegraces somewhere in this region that would like to go too. Precious pack of you!" and Uncle James' eyes twinkled comically.

"They're in the garret playing merchant, but don't have them go, please, Uncle!"

"Whew!" Uncle James' face sobered at once. "Wasn't it hateful? they said we shouldn't play with them."

"Why, don't you and Sue ever play alone?"

"O, yes sir; but they were going to have such a splendid time. They'd got a pail of water for their ships, warm so it wouldn't freeze, and cents for freight, and—oh, it was too bad!"

"More than everybody gets for freight, these days!" said uncle James, smiling a little, and then he added, "but I have got the double sleigh here. However, you may do as you please about calling them. I leave it wholly to you."

"Now Sue," said Annie, as they went up stairs to get ready, "now we've got a splendid chance to pay them off! It's just right!"

"Why, Annie, it seems 'most too bad not to tell them."

"Tell them? I guess I shan't! They'll find we know something, if we dont know enough to play with them. I'm real glad we've got the chance!"

"But mighn't we do something instead of this?" Sue looked troubled.

"Oh, yes. If you want them to go, why do run along! I know though what I should do, if two boys said they did not want my company!"

Sue was a little afraid of Annie, and she answered quickly, "I don't want them; I think we shall have a great deal nicer time without them. Where do you 'spose we shall go?"

"Well, you didn't bring along your cavaliers! Couldn't you get them to come?" said uncle James, as the girls came down stairs.

"We didn't try, Uncle James." Annie spoke quickly, for she feared that Sue would not stand her ground. "We knew they were busy playing, and perhaps would not like very well to be stopped."

"That was very thoughtful in you."

Annie turned away to fasten Sue's tippet.—"How I wish he wouldn't look at me so," she thought. "I'll venture he thinks I might have called them, but I'm glad I didn't!"

Raceback Fall was about five miles from Annie's home, and Sue, who was on a visit there, had only seen it in summer. Her delight was great when she found where they were going. For some distance their way lay parallel to the river, but just below the fall the road crossed by a long open bridge, and joined a parallel road on the other side. On the middle of this bridge Uncle James drew the reins. Sue's exclamations of wonder and delight fairly made her uncle laugh. The bed of the river was formed of huge rocks of every possible shape, over which the water tumbled and raced, and foamed, in the most free and easy fashion. The banks on both sides were glittering sheets of ice, with here and there, where they overhung the water a fringe of long icicles.

"Wouldn't it make a pretty picture, Annie, worked in a chair," said little Sue, after they had taken their fill of its beauty. "It's a great deal prettier than mother's pattern. Now Uncle James." He was looking greatly amused at something. "Don't you think so?"

"Certainly," said he, "don't you think it would be a good plan for me to bring up a barrel and get some of those icicles? They would be good to keep your butter hard next summer."

"Now you're laughing at me," said Sue with a troubled face. "Did I say anything queer?"

"It was all right, little practical—perfectly right, but now I can't give you more than five minutes longer, so look with all your eyes," and Uncle James settled himself into his coat collar, and watched the water tumble over the rocks with a thoughtful face. Careful little Sue thought it was too sober, and ventured to ask if he was hungry.

"No," he answered laughing; "and if I were I could eat icicles, you know."

"I don't think you'd like them," said Sue, who took things literally, "they always make me hungrier."

The horse knew the way home, and Uncle James turned around so that he partly faced the two girls. "Annie," said he kindly, looking straight into her eyes, "do you feel satisfied?"

"About what, sir?"

"About taking this ride alone."

"Why, ye-s, sir!"

"You think you did perfectly right?"

"Well, they did just so to us."

"That isn't answering my question."

Annie colored, hesitated, began "why ye-e—," stopped, and then said frankly, "No sir."

Uncle James smiled, and said, "I thought you were not quite so benighted as you pretended to be! If you had lived in the old times when the law was, 'An eye for an eye,' 'A blow for a blow,' 'Do to others as they do to you,' you would have been doing just right. Since Christ came, what has the rule been, the Golden rule?"

Annie repeated it in a low tone. "Now how have you acted this afternoon, like a heathen or a Christian child?"

"Heathen, I suppose," said Annie faintly, "but I don't always do so!"

"No, I hope not; but you know the Savior sees each act, and don't you think he must be pained to see you acting this afternoon just as if he had never come on earth, and toiled, and died to teach better ways?"

Annie burst into tears. She had felt secretly ashamed and uneasy, during the whole ride and had concealed it under unusual outward gaiety. Now the reaction was coming.

"I do not want to 'lecture' you, dear Annie," said her uncle very gently; "but I want you to feel so sorry for what what you have done, that you will not do so again; not alone because it was leading our little Sue wrong, nor because it deprived your brother and cousin of a ride they would have enjoyed very much; but because it was breaking the Golden Rule—a rule that I think the Angels in Heaven love to obey, and that you, and I, and Sue, must love to obey before we can join them.

Annie sat silent for some time and her uncle could not tell, from the expression of her face, what she was thinking of. But as he lifted her from the sleigh at the door, she put her arms around his neck and whispered earnestly, "I am going to try to *love* the Golden Rule, Uncle James!"

☞ In his old age, Dr. Brown was one day called on by a young clergyman, who asked him several questions in regard to divine grace. He was just setting out for a walk, and said: "Come along wi' me, and I'll expound as I go; but ye look after my feet." They got upon a rough bit of ground, and the eager old man was in the midst of unfolding the divine scheme, and the young listener was so busy in drinking in his words, that he forgot to look after the veteran's steps. The old doctor presently stumbled and fell; and getting up, he sharply said, "Jamie, the grace of God can do much, but it canna gie a man common sense."

☞ "I thank my Heavenly Father," said Mrs. Child, "for every manifestation of human love; I thank Him for all experiences, be they sweet or bitter, which help me to forgive all things, and to enfold the whole world with a blessing."

☞ In the affairs of love, the strong submit to the weak, weakness being here more powerful than strength. The cooing turtles of Venus are more formidable than the neighing steed of Mars.

☞ Somebody has said that "we ought always to believe less than we are told. This may be a safe maxim for general use, but when a woman tells her age, the rule will not always apply.

☞ Northern Pedestrian Feat. Walking into the South.

AUGUSTA CARRIAGE DEPOT.

The subscriber having returned to his old stand on WATER STREET, begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to furnish, at the shortest notice,

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS,

of all descriptions and styles. Having had a long experience in the manufacture of the above articles, he feels confident that he can select those that will give entire satisfaction, both in point of style and durability

Being Agent for several of the best Manufacturers in New England, gentlemen in want of a vehicle for their own use, can either select from the stock on hand, or leave their orders for any style of carriage which they may desire built, which will be warranted in every particular.

ALSO, FOR SALE,

Carriage Wheels, Bent Rims of Hickory and Ash, and Hickory Spokes of all sizes, constantly on hand. Also Coach Varnish and Black Varnish for enameled leather tops.

Reparing done in all its branches at short notice.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO SIGN PAINTING.

Augusta, May 27, 1862. B. F. MORSE. 24tf

THE ANDERSON SPRING BED BOTTOM.

"Blessings on the head of him who invented sleep."

Believing that comfortable rest by night is necessary to the successful labors of the day, and finding, by our own experience, that the Anderson invention for sleep, the SPRING BED BOTTOM, is better calculated to secure this important purpose than any thing we have ever tried, the subscribers hereby cordially commend the above named invention to all who desire the quiet slumbers and recuperative effects of invigorating sleep.

S. J. BALLOU,
J. S. SAYWARD.

Augusta, Aug. 5, 1862.

Having used the Anderson Spring Bed Bottom, I can cheerfully commend it as an excellent article. LOT M. MORRILL.

Augusta, Aug. 5, 1862.

Extract from a letter of a Counsellor at Law, Penobscot county, Me.

"A few words about Anderson's Spring Bed Bottom before I close my letter. I like it very much indeed. I believe it to be one of the best things ever got up, the independent working of each slat in all ways, adapts the form of the bed to the person upon it, and makes it just the thing for comfort and health. I have lain for the last three years all curled up in a heap like a cat, on my Spiral Spring Bottom, in a little hole in the middle of the bed, taking but half a breath in my sleep, because I had no room for the expansion of the lungs, but now I can lay me out at full length on the Anderson Bottom. The slats yielding just enough